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TO A POET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Oh, friend, the sun strikes blind on wastes of sand,
And diamond sparks are kindled near and far—
The dreariest valley has some little flower
That blossoms native to its rugged breast—
The palest violet mirrors in her tears
The fixed, white splendor of the mightiest star
So, Walter, shall we fear a little scorn,
A little mocking and a little strife,
And hide from some sick heart the measureless joy
Of song, that God hath dowered our poor lives with,
And so keep leafless that which else had bloomed,
And filled its place with costly fragrances
And beauty, worthy to be breathed away
In fading at *His* feet. My friend, 'tis meet,
If we would win the palm-wreath's fadeless green,
That we should feel the sacrificial fire
Of the world's scorn sublime our inner lives,
Yet marring not the spirit's holy grace
And perfect splendor—for our God hath made
The higher essences of human life
Imperishable—glorious beyond count
In his own likeness, and will bring us forth
From the rude grappling, and the fiery strife,
And lead us thro' the solemn gates of death,
Beyond the waveless calm of the great flood
That flows with the faint motion of a dream
And breaks upon the coasts of endless peace.

Hillside.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

HOME CHRONICLES.

I can scarcely believe that my task is real—that I am now guiding my pen along the first few sentences of my Life-History. It seems so strange a thing that any man (and myself above all men) should deliberately receive the whole world into his confidence—should take his own heart to pieces, as one might a passion-flower, and pluck it leaf from leaf, petal from petal, for every eye to gaze upon at will!

Stranger still is it that I should indite these pages in a foreign tongue—that I should, in the first instance, address myself to foreign readers. Yet not so strange, perhaps, when I reflect upon all the long past, and when I remember how dear and familiar is the English language to my lips and to my ears. It is the native tongue of many whom I have best loved in life. From my earliest childhood I have studied and spoken it. I could not write this book with satisfaction to myself in any other; and, be it well or ill done, it must go thus before all who read it.

My name is Paul Latour. I was born upon our estate in Burgundy, about two years after my father's marriage, and three years before the birth of my brother Theophile. I do not remember my father very distinctly, excepting as I saw him lying in his coffin, very pale and still, when they carried me to his chamber, that I might kiss him for the last time. His cheek was cold and sunken; he did not raise those heavy eyelids to gaze fondly upon me as was his wont; and I recollect that I sobbed bitterly without knowing why, unless it were in childish sympathy with the distress around me. Some other memories, vague and transient enough, seem now and then to flit before me—memories of a cordial voice, and of a lofty brow—yet, when I strive to realize them, they fade away, and leave me doubting whether they be recollections or fragments of old dreams.

My mother was beautiful; nay, is still beautiful, though somewhat faded by the passage of events and years. According to my earliest impressions, she was tall, fair, and stately as a queen; and, when she spoke, the low tones of her voice were grave and sweet, like the cadence of our chapel bells down in the valley. I will not say that my mother's disposition was unloving; but it was cold—cold towards her husband, towards her servants, towards me. The touch of her white, slender fingers was ever brief and unwilling; the expression of her large, calm, blue eyes was serious, but frosty; her kisses for me, at least, were careless and infrequent. Theophile was ever her favorite child. She treated us in all respects precisely alike; she never accorded him any indulgence in which I was not an equal sharer; and yet I saw it, knew it, felt it from the first. That she thought her preference unjust, that she even resisted it to the utmost, I am fully certain; for I saw that also. I saw the effort as plainly as I saw the affection, and I wept away many an hour of the night-time thinking of it. No one ever knew how passionately I then loved my mother—how breathlessly I used to listen to her gentle speaking—how reverently and admiringly I used to look up to her beautiful, proud mouth, and to the rich folds of her golden hair! It was an idolatry—the idolatry which children often feel, and for which we are so little disposed to give them credit.

I once dreamt that I was with my mother in the library, and that she took me by the hand, and, looking into my face, said, "Paul, you are not my child." And I remember now, as if it were yesterday, how I woke up sobbing, and crept out of my little bed in the bright moonlight, and stole along the corridor; and how I crouched down at her chamber-door, listening to her breathing, and there dropped asleep. This it was which gave me the reputation of being a somnambulist; for, when they found me in the morning lying there, I would say nothing of what brought me.

I have already stated that Theophile was my mother's favorite; and when I look upwards to the mirror near which I am now writing, I cannot help acknowledging that her preference was sufficiently natural. My younger brother was tall and fair, like herself; noble-looking; full of spirit and enterprise; and as proud as if he were heir to all Burgundy. As regarded study, he was indolent; yet his abilities were great. He learnt rapidly, easily, brilliantly; and he relied upon this intellectual facility so much, that he frequently left himself more to do than any mind could accomplish in the time. The consequence was, that his knowledge was often superficial, and, still oftener, forgotten as soon as acquired. Besides this, Theophile met with universal indulgence, and from no one more than from our two instructors, M. le Cure, and Mr. Walsingham, our English tutor. He had so many excellent qualities—he was so affectionate—so affable. Though spoilt, he was light-hearted and enjoying. Though, perhaps, a little selfish, he could be profusely generous. Every creature on the estate loved him, down to the poorest vinedresser. Such was his youth, and so he grew to manhood—wilful, careless, in love with life, with pleasure, and with himself. Before he was twenty, Theophile was weary of the country. He was rich, for he would inherit all my mother's fortune, and his yearly allowance, even then, exceeded my modest rental by more than one-third. So he left us, and launched himself, with all the heedless delight of youth, upon the brilliant dissipations of Parisian life. He had introductions, wealth, talent, personal advantages; and with many less recommendations than these one may become a wit, a man of fashion, and a *beau garcon*, amid the gay and glittering circles of the best Parisian society.

Must I now speak of myself? Alas! the subject is an ungrateful one: for I have but little to win the favor of strangers.

I am decidedly plain. I was plain from my very childhood. My reflection in yonder mirror, is that of a pale, dark, melancholy looking man about eight-and-thirty years of age. I am not yet so old by more than six years; but I have suffered much both in mind and body. My infancy was sickly, and for many months I underwent constant pain from an injury done to my hip in falling from a cherry-tree, so that my countenance learned to wear an expression of settled discontent, which subsequent health has failed to dispel. I limp slightly when I walk—so slightly, I have been told, that it has more the effect of a peculiarity in my gait than a perceptible lameness. I am somewhat below the middle height; my habits are silent and reserved; I dislike much society; and I love to be alone for some hours in every day.

I carried this solitary habit almost to a passion in our old Burgundian chateau; and, as soon as I attained my majority, I proceeded to gratify it, though in a somewhat singular manner. Ever since I was sixteen years of age, I had occupied a wing of the chateau overlooking the garden. I can scarcely say that I occupied the whole of it, for only the ground floor was kept furnished. Here I had the rooms *en suite*, where no one but myself, or my valet, attempted to enter. The first of these was my library, the second my studio (for at that time I was fond of painting), the third my sleeping-room. The library I determined to improve, according to my own taste; and when I entered upon my twenty-first year, I carried my long-contemplated projects into effect.

I caused the windows, which opened upon a terrace leading down to the shrubberies to be set in Gothic pointed frames, and fitted with stained glass in rich heraldic devices. I had the ceiling supported by arches of carved oak, like the Gothic ceiling of a church; and six spacious alcoves, sunk in the thick walls, contained my books. Between each alcove were panels carved with fruits, and foliage, and graceful arabesques, and hung with groups of arms, and antique coats of mail. Large crimson draperies fell in massive folds before the doors; a Turkey carpet of rich, deep hues, like the wings of the peacock butterfly, covered the centre of the floor; several easy-chairs stood here and there; and a table covered with books, writing materials, reading desks, and spirit lamps of different sizes and constructions, occupied the middle of the room. In winter it was warmed by hot pipes concealed within the walls; and at night I used to light a silver lamp of graceful and antique design, which was suspended by chains from the middle of the ceiling, and the light from which streamed down through a globe of amethyst glass, as through a painted window. But the most striking objects in my library were the twelve pillars which supported the roof, and which were placed about five feet distant from the walls, down each side of the apartment. These, during my father's life-time, had consisted of gray marble; I replaced them by twelve colossal statues, carved in oak by a Flemish artist, representing the apostles. There was something very stately and solemn about these lofty draped figures standing so silently around, especially by night. And night was the time I loved best—the time for thought—the time for study. I delighted in the quaint old literature of the middle ages; and it pleased me to fancy some analogy between the darkness of the silent hours before day-dawn, and that early period during which poetry and art groped onward, side by side, amid the gloom, looking with earnestness and hopefulness to the far-off rising of the sun. Then it was that I would take down the folios of long-forgotten writers from the dusty shelves, and read on and on during the quiet night, till I seemed to live back into those old times of emperors, and knights, and poets who wandered, singing, from land to land; and whose very names have now almost faded out of the pages of history.

Very different was the chamber opening from it, which I could enter by withdrawing a curtain, and which presented all the heterogenous confusion of easels, draperies, lay-figures, casts, rusty arms, sketches, antique furniture, and color-boxes, which may generally be found in the atelier of an artist. Here it was my custom to spend several hours during each day, excepting when I took my sketch-book under my arm, and strolled away for all the long summer's morning, amid the shady hollows and rocky heights which extend for miles around that pleasant spot; or when I wandered, book in hand, along the banks of the neighboring river, or through the tangled pathways of the dark, silent forest.

At such times as these, looking round from some elevated point upon the massy woods; the green valleys; the sunny vineyards with the vinedressers singing at their work; the rivulets gliding like veins of silver ore along the pasture lands, or dashing in foamy cascades from precipice to precipice; the scattered villages and spires; the quaint slated turrets of our old hereditary chateau glistening in the sun, amid their environment of dark chestnut trees and stately poplars; the lofty mountains standing so solemnly and distantly around—at such times, I repeat, it surprised me that Theophile could relinquish a scene of such rare beauty, and a home so peaceful, for the glaring magnificence, the feverish amusements, and the hollow society of Paris.

Oh, the unspeakable beauty of sweet Burgundy, the vine-garden of France! Who can conceive of it without having beheld it? Who can so admire and love it as those who have been born in its bosom? We Burgundian Frenchmen cherish our native province as we would a beautiful bride, ever fresh, ever smiling, ever young! As the Swiss of his snowy Alps and his Alp-roses—as the Englishman of his wavy corn fields—as the German of his broad feudal Rhine-river—so are we glad and proud of our mountain and our vine-lands. So do our hearts beat, and our eyes kindle, at the name of Burgundy!

It was my mother's pride and mine to keep up all the quaint old customs of our ancestry—to assemble our tenantry round the yule log, called in Burgundy *Suche*—to sing carols of the "Little Jesus"—to entertain the wandering piper—to attend the midnight mass, and carry the midnight tapers—to distribute the sugar-plums of Noel among the poor children—to preside at the supper of the Rossignon, and to order the festivities of the autumnal Vine-feast and the May pastimes; even as Gui de la Tour used in the olden time, when our family stood high in power and rank at the court of Burgundy.

My younger brother cared nothing for these old historical observances; and, save for a few days at the commencement of the shooting season, he seldom came down to visit us. He had accustomed himself now to the excitement of a great city; he found our home dull, and our pleasures joyless. He was not at any time very fond of study; he soon became tired of sporting; and in less than a week he was ready to die from *ennui*. So his visits grew shorter and more infrequent, and we seldom saw him more than once in every year.

The last occasion upon which we all met together under the roof of our own home, was for the celebration of his twenty-fifth birthday. For this once he had consented to leave Paris, although it was in the gay month of May, and to give us a week of his society, in honor of this quarter of a century of life which he was just completing. And he really came. So they rang the chapel-bells, as if for a wedding, and I rode out to meet him at the railway-station. As we returned through the village, Pierre the blacksmith was nailing a white flag to the old sign-post in front of his door; and the school-children were all shouting at the road-side; and the old women were all peering at us from their cottage windows; and it was quite a triumphal entry—considering the limited resources of Latour-sur-Creil.

CHAPTER II.

A STAR RISES IN THE SKY.

It was during the first week in May that my cousin Adrienne arrived. Theophile had been at home about four days, when my mother received the letter from England which announced her coming, and he made up his mind to remain a short time beyond his intended visit, just for the purpose of meeting her; for we were all somewhat curious to see Adrienne, on account of her foreign residence and education. Perhaps it will be as well if, in this place, I briefly sketch the outlines of her history.

My mother's maiden name was Lachapelle. She was the daughter of a gentleman of vast landed property, whose estates joined those of my father, and she had a younger brother named Adrian, an officer in the first regiment of Chasseurs, under Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo was fought—the peace ensued—Adrien returned home just in time to see my mother married, and then went over to England—to the very land against which his sword had been raised so long and so often. He fell in love with an English lady, married her, and made his home for life at a remote country-seat in the county of Devon. He never returned to France; and my grandfather died shortly after, without again beholding the face of his son. Time passed on, and my uncle sent us word that he was the father of a little girl, to be named after himself—Adrienne. From this time an unaccountable apathy seemed to take possession of him; his letters, very frequent, became fewer and fewer, and at last ceased altogether. Then we heard that his wife died, and, shortly after, that he also was no more. My mother offered to receive and educate their little orphan, but her maternal relatives refused to part with her. She was adopted by her great-uncle, an old Devonshire esquire, who surrounded her with masters; lavished upon her every kind of indulgence; and placed her, child as she was, at the head of his household. Here she had remained until this very spring-time, when her guardian died suddenly, bequeathing to her the bulk of his riches in addition to her own fortune, and leaving her the entire control of her actions and her property. It was in consequence of this loss that Adrienne wrote to my mother, requesting permission to visit her father's sister, and saying that she could no longer endure to remain in a country which was, for her, the grave of all whom she had loved.

The letter was touchingly and charmingly worded, written in a large, free hand, and bordered with deep black. I need scarcely say that my mother's reply was prompt, kind and hospitable; or that we all awaited the arrival of our English cousin with some little impatience. Theophile, who could find little else to while away the hours, occupied the chief part of every day in wondering if she were pretty, and in casting up complicated rows of figures, in the vain endeavor to calculate the amount of her fortune on both sides of the Channel—which, however, he always threw aside when about half-completed. My mother was very pale and silent, for she thought of the father and brother who had passed away. As for me, I fear I was hypocrite enough to affect a total indifference upon the subject of our visitor, and even to murmur audibly against the disturbance of our household quiet.

The day came at last—the day appointed by Adrienne in her second letter. The Paris and Strasburg line of railway does not traverse our part of Burgundy, and the nearest station is at Chalons, full eighteen miles away. We sent a carriage to meet her; and, as we could not tell by what train to expect her, we gave instructions to the servants to remain all day at the station until Mademoiselle Lachapelle should arrive. It was quite late in the evening before they returned. We were all sitting together at a large open window in the best reception-room, a lofty panelled chamber set round with antique mirrors and hung with amber damask, commanding a view of the high-road and all the surrounding country.—The dusk had closed in so thickly upon the landscape, that we heard the quick rolling of the wheels long before the carriage drew near enough to be distinguished. On it came, faintly at first and louder by degrees, along the level road. We saw the flashing lamps between the lime-trees that stand for miles and miles on either side—we heard the cracking of the whip, and the hoarse cry of the postillion. Nearer it came and nearer. There was the throwing open of gates—the clattering in upon the pavement of the courtyard—the sudden stoppage before the hall entrance.

"Diable!" said my brother, with a suppressed yawn; "I am glad that the little Briton has come at last, for I am furiously hungry!"

In a moment the door was thrown open;—"Mademoiselle Lachapelle!" was announced; and my mother, who had been striving, ever since we first heard the distant sound of wheels, to maintain her usual calm and dignified bearing, now stepped forward to the dark figure standing at the threshold, and saying, in a low voice, "My dear niece!" folded her in her arms, and imprinted a stately kiss upon her forehead.

Then my mother introduced us both by name to Adrienne, and led her straight away to her own apartments. All this took place so hurriedly, and the room was so dark, that we had not yet seen her face, or distinguished more of her voice than a few faltered sentences.

But, even then, I thought the voice was sweet!

They were a long time away; more than three-quarters of an hour. Theophile rang for lights while we were waiting, and looked at his image in the glass, arranging the thick curls of his golden hair, and whistling dreamily to himself; whilst every now and then he would stride impatiently to and fro, murmuring against the delay, and exclaiming that he should be starved ere long. As for me, I drew a volume of Uhland's poetry from my pocket, and tried to read; but my mind wandered from it, and I went over and looked out at the pale moon rising behind the poplars, and at the still, dark landscape, as it lay beyond the window like a framed picture. And sometimes, as I stood there, there came the swift whirring of a bat close before my face; and sometimes the intermitting passionate song of the far-off nightingales, amid the topmost branches of the trees.

Suddenly the door opened—they entered—the servant, who had been waiting outside for the purpose, stepped forward and announced that dinner was served—Theophile, as usual, gave his arm to my mother—I, confusedly and awkwardly, handed down our visitor, without even looking at or speaking to her—and thus, preceded by servants and lights, we descended the stairs and entered the dining-room.

But, when we were seated at table, I raised my eyes to her face and saw that she was beautiful. And now let me observe, if I were to describe her as she seemed to me that night, and for the few weeks following, I should use terms little short of extravagance. I had seen few women then, save the sunburnt peasants who labored with their husbands and brothers in our vineyards, and, on rare occasions, the daughters of some few and distant neighbors. Beauty and youth were too unfamiliar to me that I should judge of them very narrowly, and, to my eyes, Adrienne Lachapelle seemed radiant as an angel. In all my artist-dreams, in all that I had pictured to myself of the fair ladies of the songs of old, I had never imagined anything so unspeakably fair. And yet I find it difficult to say in what her loveliness consisted. It was not in her eyes, though they were large, and soft, and blue, like my mother's; nor in her mouth, though it was delicately beautiful; nor in the contour of her head, graceful and self-poised, like that of the young Diana. It was not in her features, or her form, or in any one perfection you might name; but I think it lay rather in the sweet gentleness—gentle, yet animated—of her expression. Every thought and emotion that passed through her mind reflected itself upon her countenance—as the under current of a streamlet breaks the sunshine into ripples on the surface. When she spoke, her color came and went with every earnest word. Mirthful as a child, the simplest jest would light her face with smiles—smiles not only of the lips but of the eyes. A sweet, mournful poem, read aloud, would cover her cheeks with tears. She varied every moment, like an April day; and, when she blushed, the faint crimson would suffuse her very brow, as a sunset on the Alps. But I am speaking of her now as I saw her after some days, not as I saw her on that brief evening; and, even so, how useless is my attempt to depict in words that which I cannot make clear to my own thoughts! Nothing is more difficult than to describe a really beautiful countenance (especially if it be one we dearly love); for there is always, in real beauty, a something for which we find no equivalent in language—a something so refined, so evanescent, that all written description seems poor and clumsy in the comparison. Such was the beauty of Adrienne, and this it is which, as I first begin to speak of her, seems to embarrass and defy me.

The dinner was long and formal. Adrienne, in her black dress, bending down her head and scarcely partaking of anything placed before her, replied lowly and by monosyllables to the few commonplaces which were from time to time addressed to her. My mother, still pale and sad, looked towards her at intervals, but spoke seldom. Even Theophile, after a few efforts at conversation, said no more, and applied himself wholly to the business of the table. Indeed, he was the only one among us to whom it was not almost a mockery—he enjoyed and partook of it as usual. For myself, I never once broke the silence, but sat there at the head of the board like one dreaming; mechanically performing my duties of host; gazing earnestly upon the downcast face between me and my mother; and listening with suspended breath to every murmured word that proceeded from her lips.

This dinner-ceremony, so long, so silent, so constrained, came at last to a conclusion. We returned to the saloon; whence, after a few moments, Adrienne, pleading the fatigue of her long journey, retired, accompanied by my mother, and, as far as the room door, by Theophile, who sprang forward to hold it open for them as they passed.

"What a wretched evening!" he exclaimed, returning, and flinging himself upon a fauteuil near the window.

"But is she not pretty, this little cousin?"

What had he said that I should feel the hot blood rush up to my brow so angrily? What was there in his words that I could not answer them? Was it that he had spoken somewhat lightly, and that I, already, could not bear to hear it? I know not; but it seemed, at all events, to jar upon the pleasant harmony of my thoughts. I turned away, and was silent. Presently I also left the room, and went down into my library to read.

To read! Ah, no!—I could not read that night. It was all in vain that I took up volume after volume of my favorite authors. Something seemed to interpose between their thoughts and mine—something whereby I was made restless, but not unhappy—something which prompted me at last to close the book, to withdraw the heavy folds that curtained out the night, and to stand there at the open casement, looking up to the sky and the stars.

The moonlight lay upon the turrets and the trees, and fell in patches, faintly colored by the stained glass, upon the floor beside me. The Apostles stood within, brown, shadowy, and gigantic. The silver lamp burned dimly. There was a magical stillness in the air—a holiness unutterable in the night-silence. It seemed to me as if all Nature were one vast cathedral with blue arching roof—with a starry multitude of lamps, and with myself for a solitary worshipper. And in that supreme hour an impulse of infinite gratitude and awe came over my soul, and I thought of Heaven, of truth, of life, of Adrienne.

I felt as one who reads the opening page of a strange, sweet poem—or as one who sits for the first time in a brilliant theatre. Beauty and grace are met on every side. The air is heavy with perfume. The orchestra gives forth a low intoxicating melody, and the hush of expectation is on every lip. His heart beats: his breath comes and goes; he trembles; his eyes are fixed upon the dark curtain which is so soon to rise, and the skirts of which are already fringed with the radiance beyond.

And was it not truly so? Was I not unfolding the poem in my heart—gazing upon that curtain? Was it not the first Act of my Life-Drama that was about to commence?"

CHAPTER III.

DREAMING.

We have an old French proverb which says, "Good comes while we slumber." Better had it been written, "Love comes while we slumber," which it truly does. Love! why the very word hath some such slumbrous spell in the mere sound of it! Doth it not come to us, for the most part, gradually, imperceptibly; as a dream to our sleeping? Nay! is it not a dream, a golden gossamer dream, transfiguring the shows of Earth and clothing all Life as in a divine garment?

In the semblance of a dream it came to me; and I knew it not until the time arrived when I could no longer deny it, even to myself. I loved her. I loved her passionately. I loved her with all the force of a heart long silent and long solitary—and yet I did not discover it for many weeks. Be it not supposed, for this reason, that I loved suddenly. Ah, no! I had felt the joy at my heart, though I knew not whence it came. I had seen new gladness in life—in thought—in the world. My tongue had been loosened in speech, so that I sat no longer like a misanthrope among others; but, emboldened by her presence, learned to pour forth my thoughts if not with eloquence, at least with that earnestness which befits a true man. And she had listened to me—listened with attention; with smiles; it might be, sometimes, with tears. Oh, blessed time when I loved and knew it not! Oh, still more blessed morning of early June when I first interpreted the sweet new secret of my heart! It happened thus:—

I had risen early—earlier than was usual with me; for I awoke soon after day, and could not sleep again. Aimlessly, carelessly, with thoughts elsewhere busy, I strolled into my painting-room, and taking my accustomed seat, leaned my head upon my hand, and gazed vacantly upon the half-finished picture that stood before me on the easel.

It was an interior—how well I remember it!—a church-interior, lofty, pillared, gloomy with shadow and deep-stained oriels; empty, save a few scattered worshipers kneeling on the polished flags in the foreground; with vacant altar, and long tenebrous aisles lighted dimly in the distance. An interior such as I delighted to imagine; for I had a true love and appreciation of cathedral architecture, especially of that order called the Flamboyant Gothic.

Thus thinking and looking, I resumed the palette and brushes close at hand, and began, as it were, mechanically, to fill in the outline of a female figure kneeling before a confessional in the foreground. The confessional itself, with carved foliage and cherubim, and florid pediment and traceried lattice, stood, half-hidden, in a dark angle of shadow: but I had so contrived that a single thread of light, falling through a partially opened door, should irradiate the face and head of the penitent, almost like an emblematic glory.

On this head and face I worked; still absently; still with thoughts intent on other things. Strange that the eye and the hand should toil on without the master guidance of the mind! Stranger yet that the eye and the hand should, all unconsciously, respond to that inner-working, and begin shaping forth the hidden thought upon the canvas—visibly realizing the invisible!

—Suddenly I dropped the pencil—started—rose—returned, and looked long and earnestly, till the gathering tears blotted out and blurred the picture from my sight.

In that face I had painted the face of Adrienne!

I cannot tell now how long I stood there gazing, gazing—or in what vague, unreflecting state of confused happiness I was; but, all at once, a sudden flush overspread my countenance—an uncontrollable emotion took possession of me—I trembled—I turned away from the picture—I paced rapidly up and down the room.

"Yes, Adrienne!" I cried aloud, with passionate vehemence; "I love thee! I love thee!"

Oh, happy secret, so welcome and so beautiful! And yet, even then, I seemed both to rejoice at and fear it!

The room felt close and oppressive. I could scarcely breathe.

I threw open the windows, and stepped out into the morning.

There was a warm, soft air abroad, heavy to the sense, and somewhat obscuring the distant landscape. The turf sent up a pleasant odor of fresh earth. The sky was dull and gray.—Every now and then a breath of fresh breeze came sweeping over the fields, bearing with it a perfume of sweet hay and May blossom, and shaking the bright drops from off the broad leaves of the chestnuts and acacias. The trees in the garden looked round and shadowy. The grass was full of tiny yellow flowers, and stretched out in one broad green and golden sweep down to the river-bank. All was still and slumbrous in the dreamy atmosphere of the June morning.

Forth I went, restless, intoxicated; with a fountain of gladness welling up from my heart. Forth I went, across the long wet grass and into the shade of the tall trees. I looked back at the chateau, with its steep roof; its long ranges of small glittering windows; and its quaint pointed slate-roof turrets. It was my chateau, the chateau of my fathers, and I

thought in my heart how fair would my life be, were she the mistress of those gray old walls. To the left I saw her windows, ivy-clad and closed. I stretched out my arms as if embracing her, and again I said—"I love thee!"

"I love thee, Adrienne!"

I passed out of the gate and into the forest beyond. Throughs. There were wild birds sang tea and violets under my feet strawberry hand sunshine and openings of green overhead. A young lizard, feeble, benumbed, half-stupefied, lay in my path; I stooped down and placed it on one side among some high soft grasses: for my heart was full of love—even for the green lizard. Then the shade grew deeper. The clouds met, and melted into a shower, and I uncovered my head and looked up, and let the warm rain-drops splash heavily upon my brow. Then the sun came out again; and the birds rejoiced and shook their sleek plumage, and sang more merrily than before. And I went on, still on, amid the living stillness of the forest; with a new fire in my eye and a new freedom in my step, and with the same words of foolish exultation ever on my lips—

"I love thee! I love thee!"

Once I paused and asked myself—"Art thou beloved also?" But with the question came a doubt, and the heavens were darkened. Then I said, "Let me be happy, if it be only for this one day!" And I dismissed the question and the doubt, and went forward blindly rejoicing—rejoicing that I had seen, that I loved her—wishing that she might remain in Burgundy forever—drinking in hope and joy from every sight and sound; from the rustling of the leaves; from the song of the wood-birds; from the hum of the wild bees.

Dreaming, dreaming—consciously dreaming; and refusing to be awakened!

CHAPTER V.

WAKING.

There is a German tradition respecting a certain Saint Elizabeth of Marburg, who, in proof of her sanctity, hung out her washing to dry on a sunbeam. To this saint, by one of those strange contradictory impulses of our nature which sometimes contrast the saddest with the most ludicrous things, I involuntarily compared myself, as I sat silently apart in a dark corner of the saloon some few evenings after my ramble in the forest. Had I not trusted to an illusion as glittering, as beautiful, as unsubstantial? Had I not hung my hopes on a sunbeam?

Alas! it needed but a brief time to work this change—to steal the brightness from my dream and the hope from my heart!

Theophile loved her. I was convinced that he loved her. Had I not seen him walking beside her in the garden paths on the evening of that day—that one happy day; and had it not chilled me even then, although I knew not why? Since that time had not his attentions been redoubled? Was he not hovering round her at all hours? Sitting beside her at table? Riding with her? Walking with her? Reading to her while she sat embroidering under the laburnums? Nay, is he not at this moment hanging over her, as she looks through the music lying loosely upon the piano, and allows her fingers to wander idly along the ivory keys? Is she not listening with head half turned aside—listening to his low speaking, and thinking nothing of piano or music?

My mother is not present, and I am affecting to read by the waning twilight. They are quite at the farther end of the room, and they speak in that subdued tone which people's voices are so apt to assume in the dusky hour. I watch them jealously over the edge of my book. I cannot hear anything they say. I neither wish nor try to hear; but I cannot help looking at them; and though I turn resolutely to the window every now and then, I find myself, the very next minute, falling back into the old posture. I am very unhappy—very lonely! "Ah!" I think bitterly to myself, "if she could but know how I love her! if she could but judge between us, and choose the one who loves her best!"

Theophile is still bending over her—lower lower! His yellow curls shine through the gloom. How handsome he is! There is a mirror near me (the room is panelled with mirrors), and I look up with an angry pang, at my own sallow, sorrowful countenance. What! am I envious already? Envious as well as jealous? I feel the hot blood flush up to my face for very shame—I struggle resolutely with my own heart—I fix my eyes upon the book, but the letters waver, and grow distorted, and swim before them. Now I reproach myself. After all, it is I, and only I who am to blame! Why, I loved her from the first, I loved her from that very night, five long weeks ago, when she first sat before my eyes, so pale, so silent, so beautiful, in that dining parlor below! Why did I leave the field open to another? I have education, I have heart, I have a wild, latent poetry in my nature, wherewith I might have won a woman's love as easily as with perfumed locks, and compliments, and a low, flattering voice! Pshaw! am I a man, that I should have sat thus tamely by and lost the treasure without a single effort? Would she not despise me now, if she knew how I loved, how I loitered, how I suffered!

Thinking thus, I lash myself to fury. I feel an impulse upon me to utter my rage aloud—to pace violently up and down the room—to tear the book to pieces which I hold in my hand! But, for all this, I sit still and silent. I press my lips together, and clench my hands till the nails wound the palm. I become alternately hot and cold. I endure a martyrdom of envy, jealousy and remorse; and still I sit watching them over the edge of my book, and still Theophile bends down to Adrienne till his yellow curls almost meet the soft braids of her lustrous hair!

All at once she touches the instrument again, and plays some few notes of a very simple, but a plaintive, symphony. Theophile draws back and leans against the wall, listening. I breathe more freely now that the distance between them is greater. Presently the notes of the symphony become fewer and fainter, like the last drops of a shower—there is a moment of suspense—then her delicious voice, modulated to a low clear under-tone, inexpressibly pathetic and sweet, sings this little ballad:

"Oh, lady, thou art fair and free
As are the heavens above thee!
A student I of low degree;—
What wouldst thou say, if thou couldst see
This heart which dares to love thee?

"Thou hast been told that rank and state
Are gifts beyond all prizing.
The poet singing at thy gate
Were all too lowly for thy hate,
Too poor for thy despising!

"So proud, and yet so angel-sweet!
I fall down and adore thee!
And oh! whene'er we chance to meet,
I stand back in the public street,
And bare my head before thee.

"'Tis said that thou wilt wedded be
To some more noble lover!
To-day the bells ring out for thee;
To-morrow they will toll for me,
When all my tears are over.

"What radiant party passes by
With plumes and pennons flying?
Thy wedding train? Nay, then, will I
Straight in thy path all prostrate lie—
One look, love!—I am dying!"

The song is a simple song enough—a translation of a little German ballad—and yet it moves me deeply. Towards the last verse her voice grows lower and lower, with breaks and pauses, and at last trembles, fails, sobs forth despairingly—then ceases altogether.

When it is ended Theophile applauds enraptured; and I sit speechless, feeling as if a sorrowful hand had been laid upon my heart. Perhaps it is the revulsion of feeling from wild rage to melancholy—perhaps it is that the little story conveyed in those simple verses touches a chord in my own breast; answers to a thought in my own mind. At all events it utterly subdues and saddens me.

Once more Theophile bends down. By this time it has grown so dusk that his yellow locks are no longer visible. I still sit silently in the dark corner, affecting to read; and my tears fall slowly and heavily, one by one, upon the open pages. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

RAILROADS AND THEIR DUTIES.

We see it stated that a number of gentlemen belonging to Pittsburg, have brought suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the following reasons:—

During the railroad war between the Pennsylvania and New York routes, tickets were issued from Cleveland to New York via the Pittsburg and Cleveland road, and the Pennsylvania Central, at a much less rate than previously. The rates were such that passengers could travel from Cleveland to New York for less money than was charged from Pittsburg to the same point, and many persons resident in Pittsburg, and desiring to go East, had their tickets sent to them from Cleveland. The tickets issued, however, read upon their face, "good for three days." The plaintiffs in this case left Pittsburg for Philadelphia on the 12th of May, in the 4.50 P. M. train, having tickets issued jointly by the Cleveland and the Pennsylvania roads. They tarried by the way until the time specified on the face of the tickets having expired, the conductor of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company refused to carry them further than Tyrone, Pa., on the tickets, and demanded $6,50 each, as the amount to which the road was entitled in the way of balance of fare to Philadelphia. The plaintiffs refused to pay the amount, *and they were ejected from the train, near midnight, at Tyrone.* They claim that the Company, having passed them a part of the way, without objection, were bound to carry them through, as the passengers from Cleveland were ticketed through on the same kind of tickets, although the time specified on the face of the cards had expired.

If the above statement be correct, we trust that the gentlemen so harshly treated will receive sufficient damages to teach the agents of the Central Railroad Company to behave themselves in a fairer and more courteous manner in future. We regard all restrictions upon tickets, like these announcements that they are "good for three days only," as of a precisely similar character to the frequent notices that the Companies will not be responsible for over a certain amount of baggage, which notices the Courts have repeatedly decided are of no force whatever. Railroads owe certain duties to the public, in return for the peculiar privileges they have received from the State—without which peculiar privileges they could seldom be constructed—and these duties they cannot be allowed to escape from. A traveller goes to purchase his ticket, and sees probably for the first time, that it is "good for this day only," or "three days only,"—still he must have the ticket, for how else is he to go? To say that, under these circumstances, he commits himself to any contract, is rather an abuse of language. The Company have no right to impose such conditions upon the travelling public—for one important object in bestowing upon them the privilege of making a railroad, and authorizing them to take the land of their fellow-citizens without their consent, and often to their great vexation and injury, is to secure the convenience of travellers. This, in fact, is an implied part of every contract between a Railroad Company and the State.

But the officers of great Railroad Companies, like the Pennsylvania Central,

"Dress'd in a little, brief authority,"

are apt to forget these facts—and to view their own convenience and interest as everything, and the rights of the travelling public as nothing. Therefore should the Courts and Juries of the Commonwealth embrace fitting occasions to keep these great Companies in mind of the true purpose of their creation, and to administer such occasional rebukes as may be necessary to teach them that civility and fair-play to the travelling public, are not only their interest, but their imperative duty—a duty which cannot be neglected with impunity.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION.—An extract has recently been published from a late despatch of the Department of State to our Minister at Berlin, in reference to a case of enlistment in the Kingdom of Hanover. It seems that a naturalized citizen of the United States, who is a native of Hanover, and who, when he left his native country, was neither in actual service in the Hanoverian army, nor had been drafted to serve in it, has yet, upon his return to Hanover, been deprived of his liberty and compelled to do military duty.

The Government at Washington have protested, in relation to this case, against the conduct of the Hanoverian Government. In the despatch in question, which is dated July 8th, 1859, General Cass says:—

The right of expatriation cannot at this day be doubted or denied in the United States. The idea has been repudiated ever since the origin of our Government, that a man is bound to remain forever in the country of his birth, and that he has no right to exercise his free will and consult his own happiness by selecting a new home. The most eminent writers on public law recognize the right of expatriation. This can only be contested by those who in the nineteenth century are still devoted to the ancient feudal law with all its oppression. The doctrine of perpetual allegiance is a relic of barbarism which has been gradually disappearing from Christendom during the last century. * * * * *

In order to entitle his original Government to punish him for an offence, this must have been committed whilst he was a subject and owed allegiance to that Government. The offence must have been complete before his expatriation. It must have been of such a character that he might have been tried and punished for it at the moment of his departure. A future liability to serve in the army will not be sufficient; because, before the time can arrive for such service, he has changed his allegiance, and has become a citizen of the United States. It would be quite absurd to contend that a boy, brought to this country from a foreign country with his father's family when but twelve years of age and naturalized here, who should afterwards visit the country of his birth when he had become a man, might then be seized and compelled to perform military service, because, if he had remained there throughout the intervening years, and his life had been spared, he would have been bound to perform military service. To submit to such a principle would be to make an odious distinction between our naturalized and native citizens. For this reason, in my despatch to you of May 12, 1859, and again, in my letter to Mr. Hofer of the 14th ult., I confine the foreign jurisdiction in regard to our naturalized citizens to such of them as "were in the army or actually called into it" at the time they left Prussia. That is, to the case of actual desertion or a refusal to enter the army after having been regularly drafted and called into it by the government to which at the time they owed allegiance. It is presumed that neither of these cases presents any difficulty in point of principle. If a soldier or a sailor were to desert from our army or navy, for which offence he is liable to a severe punishment, and, after having become a naturalized subject of another country, should return to the United States, it would be a singular defence for him to make that he was absolved from his crime because, after its commission, he had become a subject of another government. It would be still more strange were that government to interpose in his behalf for any such reason. * * *

It is to be deeply regretted that the German governments evince so much tenacity on this subject. It would be better, far better for them, considering the comparatively small number of their native subjects who return to their dominions after being naturalized in this country, not to attempt to exact military service from them. They will prove to be most reluctant soldiers. If they violate any law of their native country during their visit, they are, of course, amenable like other American citizens. It would be a sad misfortune if, for the sake of an advantage so trifling to such governments, they should involve themselves in serious difficulties with a country so desirous as we are of maintaining with them the most friendly relations. It is fortunate that serious difficulties of this kind are mainly confined to the German States—and especially that the laws of Great Britain do not authorize any compulsory military service whatever.

This matter of the European impressment of naturalized citizens, and the ground taken by the United States Government thereupon, has naturally caused a good deal of excitement among our foreign born citizens, particularly those of German and French origin. Considerable discussion has arisen upon the latter point especially—the precise ground taken by the Government. What that ground now really is, seems to be rendered very plain by the above extracts. With the question whether the Government has made any change of ground, we, as neutral journalists, have nothing to do. Our business is simply to make our readers acquainted with the views of the Government, according to the latest and fullest declarations.

THE NEW ENGLISH MINISTRY.—In regard to the foreign policy of the new ministry, Lord Palmerston recently made the following statement in the House of Commons:—"The course which we intend to pursue with regard to our foreign relations *is the one chalked out for us by our predecessors*—that is, a course of strict neutrality."

Notwithstanding this statement, however, it is generally supposed that the present ministry would be less apt to side with Austria, in case the results of the war should seem to menace even the existence of that power, than that headed by Lord Derby. Palmerston has always been regarded as a warm friend of Louis Napoleon—though the lesson he received not long since for his alleged truckling to the French Emperor, may render him very cautious how he again opens himself to a similar charge. During the Hungarian struggle for Independence, moreover, Lord Palmerston said in Parliament that the continued existence of Austria as a great nation, was necessary for the safety of England. Doubtless, whatever ministry is in power, England will offer her mediation whenever the power of Austria in Italy seems to be effectually broken. If Austria should be driven out of her famous "historical square" her great fortresses taken, and Venice also lost—England, in conjunction with Prussia, and it may be Russia, may interpose, and even demand a settlement of the quarrel. But these things have not come to pass yet—though they look more probable than they did a month ago.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

R. H. Dr. Dunglisson's Medical Dictionary will answer your purpose. Any of the booksellers who advertise in THE POST will furnish it.

C. H. M. Your best plan would be to obtain a situation with some engineer, and learn the business practically as well as theoretically. After you have fully mastered the profession, you doubtless might find employment in some of the South American states, but your best plan probably would be to take any good situation that offers. Plans of life, laid out a long way ahead, seldom come to much, and therefore there is little use in making them. Most men live a week or a month—few a year—at a time. The poet says:

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will;"

or, as a witty gentleman once quoted it,

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough—hew them as we will."

INQUIRER. Cherries—the sour ones especially—doubtless would make a very good wine. We have no receipt, however, for cherry wine, though the receipt for currant wine probably would answer very well. A friend of ours says that his brother uses cherries in making his currant wine—mixing the two juices together—much to the improvement of the currants. You need not let your cherries waste, however, even if you do not make wine with them, as dried cherries are always in demand.

MOTHER. We cannot give you a receipt to prevent the children's shoes from wearing out—we would like such information ourself. Neither leather nor workmanship is probably so good as it used to be. Oh, for the times when one pair of shoes would last a child a year! They were "the good times *vanished*." By the way, we recently saw a little fellow whose parents had matched him in one particular. Over the leather of the toes of his shoes, a thin sheet of copper had been rivetted, so that he could not kick his toes through in about a week. The cost of said coppering was only a shilling, while the shoe would wear twice as long. Perhaps after a while we shall have shoes made entirely of copper—and then the boys will find a difficulty in kicking them to pieces in a month, as they do now.

ADONIS. The best remedy for little black specks on the nose and face, is daily washing with good castile soap and water. Plenty of water, where there is a naturally clean skin—and plenty of soap and water, where the skin is a naturally sweaty and dirty one—are the best cosmetics. We saw it stated somewhere, the other day, that the French ladies—who are said to have a holy horror of washing their faces—never will believe their English visitors, when they tell them they use no other cosmetic than plenty of water, to preserve their fresh and rosy complexions. "Ah, you will not tell your little secret," comment the Parisian belles. But there is no doubt that good, wholesome food, plenty of sleep, plenty of exercise in the fresh air, and plenty of water, are the great promoters of a smooth and beautiful skin, as well as of beauty generally.

JACOB. We cannot inform you how a love letter should be written. Write what you feel; and tell your sweetheart to burn your letter as soon as she has read it, in order that it may never come to light some cool evening when you are past love's dog days. We can give you some samples of love letters however—two that a great man wrote, and which, unfortunately for him, were not burnt as we have advised. The following were two of Napoleon's to Josephine:—

"I write very often to you, my dear love, but very seldom hear from you. You are a fickle, ugly, wicked creature. Perfidious! to deceive a poor husband and ardent lover! Must he forfeit his rights because he is far away, burdened with difficulties, cares and fatigue? Without his Josephine, without the assurance of her love, what remains for him on earth? What can he do? A thousand loving kisses.—BONAPARTE." The other is as follows:—"I don't love you a bit, on the contrary, I detest you. You are an ugly, stupid, wicked hussy. You never write to me, and you do not love your husband. You know the delight your letters afford me, and yet you send me only half-a-dozen hurried lines. Pray, madam, what do you do with yourself all day? What important business is it that prevents your writing to your fond lover? What affection stifles and puts aside the love, the tender and constant love, you promised me? Who can this new wonder be, this new lover, that absorbs all your time, tyrannises over your days, and prevents you from thinking of your husband? Take care, Josephine, some fine night, the doors closed, and I'll surprise you. But seriously, I am very uneasy, my dear love, at receiving no news of you: write me four pages immediately, full of those charming things that fill my heart with tenderness and delight. I hope to embrace you before long, then I shall cover you with a million burning kisses. — BONAPARTE." All this was to the woman to whom he owed so much—and whom he afterwards cruelly divorced

YOUTH. We know very little about spiders—having little love for them; and this is the worse for the spiders, for, not being able to distinguish between the venomous and the harmless, we generally kill every spider we meet in our dwelling, upon the general principle that he is a trespasser upon our property, a disturber of the peace of our household, and therefore worthy of death. We do make an exception in favor of the "Daddy-Long-legs," of which we know enough to know them to be perfectly inoffensive, and which we generally catch by one of their legs and throw out of the window. We have called the Daddy-Long-legs a spider—but we are not certain, now we come to think of it, that it is. It is an insect, we believe, and belongs to the genus *Tipula*; while the spiders are not insects, but belong to the lobster and other crustaceous tribes. Will not some correspondent, learned in these things, enlighten us, and save us the trouble of consulting the books.

W. H. Mr. T. S. Arthur is the publisher of Arthur's Home Magazine of this city. The book most suitable as a present for a young lady of 18, is a copy of the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST for one year. It is a whole library in itself.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Leaves;" "My Childhood;" "A Fragment;" "Pleasure;" "To a Young Lady With a Razor (!);" "The Missionary's Farewell;" "Winding the Woolen Yarn."

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The hot weather, which makes the swollen streams of the spring and fall shrink to silver threads, seems to affect the torrent flow of books in a similar way. What was so lately, and what will be again, a flood of publications, is now but a slender dribble.

But among the few good books of the season, is a LIFE OF MILTON, by Professor Masson, (Delisser & Procter, New York,) an essay reprinted in a pocket volume from the Encyclopedia Britannica. Professor Masson since the original publication of this memoir has begun a complete life of the great poet, only the first volume of which has appeared, and the little book under notice contains the compendium of all he has said and will say on the subject. It also has Macaulay's splendid essay on Milton's genius and character—one of the very finest of Macaulay's essays, and moulded in justice as well as beauty. Would this were always so! But so it is not always, as we all know.

The CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for July (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston,) has, among various readable articles, an interesting account of the great French preachers of the present era. The best paper in the number is that on "Asiatic Civilization," which treats the topic fairly and broadly, and with equal learning and liberality. Admitting the present inferiority of Oriental to Western civilization, attention is called to the important fact that the inferiority "did not become manifest till the sixteenth century, when Europe entered upon its great career, surpassing its own past unfolding, as well as all other revelations of humanity." "The riches of the past, the blood and nutriment of many races and the best, the accumulations of many nations and empires, the beauties and sublimities of the noblest arts, the treasures of the choicest literatures and philosophies, the sanctities and moralities of the truest and best religions, (one of them the best of all),—all these foundations and disciplines, whether borrowed or inherited or developed, predetermined Europe rather than Asia to be the birthplace of Bacon and the sciences." The article goes on to show that a change is coming over Asia, and we that owe her so much, are to pay her again in kind. "Railroads and telegraphs and military science are becoming naturalized in India. * * * European machinery and manufactures will follow; for the Hindus and Chinese will make the best, and by far the cheapest, factory operatives in the world. Scientific agriculture will be introduced, and at length pure science. Education is already extending and improving. In some of the languages of India, the press, *in the hands of natives*, is beginning to exert a considerable influence. Religions are becoming modified and reformed. * * * Changes and improvements in Oriental society, are coming, greater and better than we can plan or predict or conceive. * * * For Asiatics also are children of the good God, who watches their history, influences their nationalities, guides their progress, perpetuates and modifies their races, restores their declensions, as truly as our own. * * * * Let us then at length make room for our brethren the Hindus, the Chinese, the Mahommedans, to worship the common Father at the common altar; doing no injustice to any; abating no reasonable claims of our own; forbidding no partialities, nor even prejudices, except such as war against the general toleration and harmony; and so, as the humane result, securing the rights, the developments, the adaptations, the excellencies, the nationalities, the civilizations of all. * * * It is time we had grasped St. Paul's idea, that God is God of the Gentile as well as the Jew; that in Heathendom as well as Christendom the kingdom of God is *within* us, and the kingdom of evil also; that we are all in one great school, though in widely different classes and grades, from Plato and Paul and Bacon and Leibnitz in the highest, to Batta and Dyak and Australian in the lowest." These extracts give an idea of the argument, which, every one will see, is conceived in the general interest of mankind.

A little pamphlet, NAPOLEON III.: THE MAN OF PROPHECY, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) by G. S. Faber, an English clergyman of note, is devoted to the task of proving that the present Emperor of the French is the Seventh Head of the Beast in Revelations, a theory which ought to be highly grateful to the unlucky Austrians, who are certainly in a condition to see its zoological and analogical propriety.

We have a fourth volume of the HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AS TRACED IN THE WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, AND OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, BY JOHN C. HAMILTON. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) It deals chiefly with affairs concerning the early organization and administrations of the National Government, and has matter of the greatest historical interest and value. Hamilton's part and position in our history, will unquestionably be more clearly established by this work, the reviewers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Everybody is interested in the war, of which Madame Julie de Marguerittes, a lady of talent, has given a good general account, with biographical notices of the various sovereigns, statesmen and soldiers concerned in it, and much descriptive and anecdotal matter, in her work entitled ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859 (Geo. G. Evans, Philadelphia.) It has a fair sketch of the ferocious Zouaves, with a characteristic anecdote of one, a retired Zouave, who kept a wine-shop in Genoa, to which his comrades resorted. For a sign he had in front of the door, the figure of a Zouave, calmly smoking, while two gigantic Austrian soldiers with levelled bayonets are rushing at him, one exclaiming "Why the devil doesn't the little Frenchman move?" To which the Frenchman replies "What's the use? there are not six of you." One of the leaders of these gasconades, is General Bourbaki, a charming creature, who, at the siege of an Algerian city, headed a storming party, with entire success, wearing white kid gloves and patent leather boots. With a small cane brandished in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth, the hero-coxcomb marched up to the muzzles of the cannons. One is at a loss whether to admire or despise such pure bravado.

The publishers of the LITTLE PIG MONTHLY (Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston,) a magazine for children, defend the revolting oddity of the title on the score of its discussion-provoking quality, which, they say, is equal to advertising. The defence is poor, and the title unfit. Some of the matter, too, such as the accounts of pocket-book stuffing and mock-auction swindling in New York might be appropriate in a Police Gazette, but is not proper reading for young children. A child's book should, at least, be innocent, which the "Little Pig Monthly" is not.

☞ Rousseau read to Voltaire his Ode to Posterity. "I fear," rejoined Voltaire, "it will never reach its address!"

☞ Hazlitt maintains that the petty malignity of mortals finds its most striking field in the matter of will-making. He says in the essay on "Will Making:"

"The last act of our lives seldom belies the former tenor of them for stupidity, caprice and unmeaning spite. All that we seem to think of is to manage matters so (in settling accounts with those who are so unmannerly as to survive us) as to do as little good and plague and disappoint as many people as possible."

☞ Sir Christopher Wren says:—"A moderate voice may be heard fifty feet before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind, if the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without lowering the voice at the last word of the sentence."

☞ Voltaire, on one occasion, when his friends were conversing on the antiquity of the world, observed,—"The world is like an old coquette; she disguises her age."

☞ A council of war was held before the fight at Rocroi, and the Prince of Condo, the great French general, having pointed out the advantages that would accrue from a victory, the Marechal de Gassion replied,—"But if we lose, what is to become of us?" "I never think of that," said the prince, "I shall be dead first."

☞ The most austere conduct does not save woman from the attack of malignity. Man's opinion makes her reputation.—*Ninon.*

☞ Some one was telling an Irishman that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" With a shrewd nod Pat answered—"I believe in the cream, but not in the saucers?"

☞ It is impossible to love where we cannot esteem; and no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool.—*Vanbrugh.*

☞ "When I see young ladies fiddling with an asparagus head, instead of eating their dinner, I don't fall into the greenhorn's notion—exquisite creature! all soul! no stomach! feeds on air, ideas, and quadrille music; no; what do you think I say?" "Something flattering, I feel sure." "On the contrary, something true. I say, hypocrite! Been grubbing like a pig all day, so can't eat like a Christian at meal-time; you can't humbug me."—*Love me Little, Love me Long. By Charles Reade.*

☞ "ROOT HOG OR DIE."—In one of the counties of Wisconsin it is said there are three candidates for the Legislature: J. M. Root, Democrat; Robert Hogg, Freesoil; and T. H. Dye, Whig. So, on the election day, it will be "Root, Hog, or Die," with the voters.

☞ The love that has nought but beauty to keep it in good condition, is short-lived, and subject to shivering fits.—*Erasmus.*

☞ The great art of *life* is to play for much, and stake little.—*Johnson.*

☞ Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—*Leigh Hunt.*

☞ Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield.*

☞ FEMININE PROTEAN.—Love me, love my—crinoline!

☞ What sufficiently proves that men know their own feelings better than we think for, is the fact that, when we hear them speak of their own conduct, they are never in the wrong; the same self-love which usually blinds them, enlightens them then and gives them such correct views that they take care to suppress or disguise the smallest things that might seem to condemn their conduct.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

☞ "Whatever," wrote Dr. Johnson, in Rasselas, "enables us to forget the present and actual, in contemplating the past, the future, or the ideal, raises, purifies, and refines us." "I have seen," says a recent writer, "the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot, of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant and mastered them."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

BATTLE OF SOLFERINO—PAYING THE PIPER—AN IDEAL REWARD—A SHOCKING TRAGEDY—RUMORS IN THE ARMY—THE CHILD AND THE PRISONER.

Paris, June 30, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The general engagement imminent at the date of my last, took place, as we learned by the telegraphic despatch of Saturday, on the 24th inst., and resulted in another enormous slaughter, the full details of which we have not yet, but which we already know to have been on a more extensive scale than any that has occurred since 1815. The two armies being so close to each other between the Chiese and the Mincio, it was evident that their collision could not much longer be delayed; but it was supposed that the Austrians, having established themselves in their famous quadrangle, would hold the position they had chosen, and await the attack of the allies within their own lines.

The French loss will probably never be known; as it is perfectly certain, from all the private accounts, that the Emperor does not allow the real amount of losses on his side to be made known.

As at Montebello, and Magenta, so here, on this bloody field of Solferino, a feather seems to have turned the doubtful scale. The French wings, despite the heroic valor of the men, were on the point of defeat, when the Emperor resorted to the manœuvre of throwing in the masses of the Guard upon the Austrian centre, to divide it. The manœuvre was successful; and the day was won by the allies; the Emperor sleeping, after the dreadful strain of such a day, in the very room, and bed, in Cavriana, which the discomfited Austrian monarch had slept in the night before, and had only quitted at daybreak that morning!

Francis-Joseph, who appears to have been unwilling to await the attack of the French, and to have burned to show his Imperial rival, that he would not receive from him the order of battle, is said to have invited a party to dine with him at Milan on the following day. It is said that the young monarch has heard more home truths during his three days' stay in the camp, than he ever heard in his life before; and that, convinced of the dangers threatening the very existence of his empire, he has determined to inaugurate a new regime without delay. But of all this we shall know more by and by.

But, along with bulletins of victories, are now beginning to arrive here the sad revelations of death and suffering that follow so quickly on the heels of "glorious war." Families are deploring the loss of their members, fallen on the field, or the agonies of brave men mutilated by the "chances" of bullets and sabres. The order, just issued by the Emperor to draw up, in each department, a list of the discharged soldiers of all grades, who, in case of need, could be again enrolled on the list of the army, does not indicate a belief on his part in the speedy termination of the war. It is asserted, also, that the Minister of War is busy elaborating a plan for having, within two months, 450,000 soldiers ready for action. In view of these enormous preparations, and the immense outlays involved in them, the lower orders here, though enthusiastic for the war, and beside themselves with exultation at the news of each succeeding victory, are beginning to "count the cost" of the struggle in which the country is engaged, and to declare that France must be paid for the loss of blood and treasure she is now incurring. "Let us have the boundary of the Rhine, or Savoy," is now beginning to be the cry, as it was very sure would be the case. Even granting the Emperor to be sincere in the protestations that he has addressed to Europe, as I think there is no reason to doubt his being, it is far from certain that he will be able to control the popular clamor for territorial aggrandizement which appears to be setting in. And should he be forced into a compliance with the popular demand, it is clear that the work of carnage will swell to proportions which we cannot think of without horror.

Of the fact that Louis Napoleon has exposed himself to the enemy's fire in a manner that sets at rest the question of his personal courage, there can now be no doubt. He had one of his epaulettes shot away at Cavriana, and the horses of several of his staff were killed through the day close beside him.

A letter from Traviglato shortly before the last fight thus describes the way the Emperor lives with the army:

"The Emperor has taken up his quarters at a large farm-house, inhabited by the Mayor. Imagine a spacious yard, on the left the dwelling-house, on the right a large garden separated from the yard by a railing. The yard is crowded with travelling carriages and wagons. The Emperor's attendants, and the people of the farm are passing and repassing. It is six in the evening. The Emperor comes down from his room, attended by Marshal Vaillant. The whole military household comes out and stands apart. The Emperor sits down, and a map is placed before him. Marshal Vaillant presents several papers to his Majesty, who remains alone for a moment, resting his elbow on another chair beside him. A spy arrives, and is introduced. His Majesty listens to him, but apart. A colonel is called, and gives ten Napoleons to the spy, who seems well satisfied with his pay. Marshal Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely arrives; the Emperor converses with him. Other generals come in. The map is called for several times. The King arrives in a carriage, and the two monarchs shake hands. Soften down a little the hectoring air some of his portraits give to Victor Emmanuel, give him a very plain cavalry uniform, and you will have the portrait of the King. You must also darken his complexion a little; give greater distinctness to his features so as to have the true physiognomy of the frank soldier used to the life of camps. The Emperor and he go apart a little, and converse; both making cigarettes in rapid succession. The Emperor, tired of standing, leans against the shafts of a wagon close by; the conversation is lively and long. Other generals come in. The light, though declining, is still sufficient to allow of seeing the map, which is again brought forward. Ten o'clock arrives; the King leaves, and presently the Emperor dismisses his household. He himself usually works till one o'clock, and is called up again at three or four. He sleeps very little at night, but gets a short nap, when he can, in the day. He eats very little, but seems, nevertheless, in excellent health and spirits. The life of the camp seems to agree with him; and his energy, coolness, and presence of mind are admirable."

Through the long fight of Solferino, the Emperor had no food but a very small bit of chocolate. The engagement having been brought on unexpectedly by the Austrians, the French and Sardinians were unprepared, and few among them tasted a mouthful of anything through the murderous struggle of sixteen hours! Even Generals and Marshals were but too thankful to get a few drops of wine or water from the canteens of the soldiers.

When in Brescia, the Emperor occupied the residence of the Fenarolli family in which Napoleon I. was quartered when in that city, and where the room occupied by "the Child of Destiny" is still preserved exactly as it was when he quitted it. The bed, the toilet table, and the writing-table in a closet adjoining, have been left, with religious respect, in just the state of disorder in which he left them. The present Emperor, respecting the scruples of his hosts, declined to occupy the chamber so carefully guarded; and slept in an adjoining room.

The Emperor has decreed that the flag of every regiment which has taken a color from the enemy, shall be decorated by the insignia of the Legion of Honor, as used to be the case in the time of "his uncle." The flag of the second regiment of Zouaves has accordingly just received the Cross, at the hands of General MacMahon, in the name of the Emperor. The General having felicitated the Regiment on the distinction they had won, and expressed his satisfaction at being at their head, urged them not to be content with the Cross of Chevalier, but to win for it the Cross of Officer. Then, advancing to the colors, he said, "Eagle of the second Zouaves, be proud of your soldiers! In the name of the Emperor, and in virtue of the powers confided to me, I confer on you the Cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor." He then affixed the Cross to the color, amidst tremendous cheering, and cries of "Vive l'Empereur." He afterwards attempted to say something more, but his emotion rendered it impossible. Five crosses, and twenty-one military medals were then distributed, one of the latter being given to the famous *cantiniere* of the regiment, renowned through the army for her devotion, bravery, and unwearied kindness, following the troops into the hottest of the fire, and always first in looking after the wounded. Were war itself a less hideous business, there would be something very noble and touching in the idea of brave men risking their lives for a reward so ideal and impersonal as the attainment of an honor, not for themselves, but for the flag of their regiment; and one can but wish, on seeing with what enthusiastic delight the entire army has welcomed the revival of the custom of decorating the colors of regiments signalized for their deeds of prowess, that it were possible to enlist, on behalf of the labors and achievements of Peace, the grand corporate enthusiasm and abnegation which alone render organized war possible.

Count Cavour has issued a circular, explaining why some of the insurgent Italian towns are annexed to Piedmont, while others are only taken under his temporary protection, by stating that it is the wish of the allied Sovereigns that the territorial changes rendered inevitable by the course of the war, shall be sanctioned by the Great Powers, all of whom are interested in the solution of these questions, and whose support will be necessary to render final the arrangements to be adopted.

Meantime, the unhappy towns of the Romagna, who had offered their allegiance to Victor Emmanuel, and had been desired by the Emperor, in return for their pains, to "go back, and keep loyal to their own sovereign, whose power he was not come to overthrow, but to confirm," have already begun to taste the tender mercies of the Cardinals, who are sending bodies of the Papal troops to reduce them to submission. At Perugia, a beautiful, but defenceless old town, which, like its sisters, had accomplished its little local revolution in the quietest and most good-tempered manner, these troops are charged with being guilty of the most atrocious cruelties. The stories of old people shot down without notice, women run through with bayonets, and even of an infant torn from its mother's arms, and tossed by a soldier into the Tiber, are resounding from one end of Europe to the other, and are probably but too true, for I learn from an American gentleman here, whose brother had been staying in Rome with his family, but who left that city fearing commotions, and removed to Perugia, thinking they would surely be out of harm's way in so quiet, out of the-world a little old place, that the brother, apprehensive of the greatest dangers for the ladies of his family, during the pillage of the town, secreted them all in a garret, from a chink in which he himself kept watch on what was going on in the street, and witnessed, from his post of observation, not only the robberies and violence taking place below, but the murder of two inoffensive and unprotectected women by the brutal soldiery, and many other murderous assaults on men.

It having been stated that the troops which have thus lent themselves to the carrying out of priestly revenge were Swiss, the Federal Government has sent a circular to all the European Courts, denying the statement, and declaring that the Papal troops are made up of volunteers from all countries, but principally from Germany, and that few, if any, Swiss are to be found in them, the Federal Government having forbidden the raising of troops for foreign service, which is now severely punished as a crime. It concludes by utterly repudiating the responsibility of atrocities which it considers a disgrace to the age, and to the Government under whose orders they have been committed.

It is difficult to believe that the allied sovereigns on learning the terrible reprisals to which the Perugians have been subjected for the crime of having put their trust in them, can refuse their interposition on behalf of this town, and of the others in the Romagna which have been led, by the doings in Lombardy, to endeavor to exchange the Roman Government for that of Victor Emmanuel.

A gentleman connected with one of the leading papers here, who has just returned from a visit to the allied camp, states that the belief is prevalent through all its ranks, that the Emperor, despite his autograph letters of promise to the Pope, has fully made up his mind to overthrow the temporal power of the Head of the Catholic Church. In every direction, while at the camp, this gentleman heard it stated that the Pope was to be removed to Jerusalem, as the true birth-place and centre of the Christian faith; his spiritual powers being left untouched, but his temporal power—which is in reality, not his, but that of the Cardinals—being abolished as injurious to the plenitude and purity of his spiritual functions. What degree of truth there may be in this belief, it is impossible to say; but it is generally thought here, that some great change must necessarily be inaugurated in the temporal government of Central Italy, and no weight is attached to the Emperor's assurances to the contrary.

Austrian prisoners are constantly reaching France, and appear to be most kindly and generously treated. A few days ago, a convoy of them, with an officer at their head, marched through Marseilles, where a dense crowd had collected to see them go by. Presently a little boy, about five years old, having wormed his way through the crowd, placed himself in front of the officer, and made him a low bow. The officer, who could speak a little French, asked the child "why he bowed to him?" "Because I heard my papa say that you were very unhappy, and I am very sorry for you!" answered the child. "It is very true that we are unhappy, my dear little fellow!" replied the officer, much touched at the child's words, "but you have a good heart, and I wish I had anything that I could offer you as a keepsake. But I am a prisoner, and have nothing. I can only offer you a kiss; will you let me kiss you, my little man?" "Yes, indeed!" said the child, throwing his arms round the officer's neck, as the latter bent down to embrace him, and kissing him heartily, amidst the tears and plaudits of the excitable southern natures crowding round the group.

So true it is that: "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Would that this universal kinship could be more wisely remembered all the world over, so that we might no longer outrage Nature by turning her gifts to our mutual harm, nor insult the sun by using his light, through a long summer's day, to accomplish a sixteen hours' slaughter of one another!

QUANTUM.

THE LATEST FROM EUROPE.

SIEGE OF PESCHIERA PROGRESSING—THE FRENCH THREATENING VERONA—NO BATTLES.

FARTHER POINT, below Quebec, July 17.—The steamship Indian, from Liverpool, with dates to the 6th inst., has passed this point on her way to Quebec.

The latest despatches say that the head-quarters of the Emperor Napoleon is only four leagues from Peschiera, which place is under a vigorous siege by the Sardinians. The report of cannon is heard night and day in that direction.

The Austrian advanced post is but a short distance from Villa Franca, which is occupied by the army corps under Gen. Niel. It is much doubted whether the Austrians will venture to accept a battle in the present demoralized condition of their army.

TURIN, July 4.—It is rumored that 10,000 French troops have embarked at Lossin and Piccolo, on the Adriatic, and that the bridge to Cherso has been destroyed.

VALLEGIO, July 4.—Official.—The French army, increased by the army corps of Prince Napoleon, will operate against Verona, whilst a portion of the Sardinian army will continue the siege operations at Peschiera.

The Emperor Napoleon having sent back the wounded Austrian officers without exchange, and having requested an exchange of other prisoners, an Austrian officer has arrived with the announcement that the Emperor of Austria will also send back without exchange the wounded officers taken from the allies, and that his Majesty is equally desirous for an exchange of other prisoners.

TURIN, July 3.—Official.—The Sardinians have invested more closely the exterior fortifications of Peschiera, on the right bank of the Mincio, and on the 30th ult. our army crossed the river to invest Peschiera, also on the left bank.

BERNE, July 5.—The Austrians have withdrawn from Bormio. The Piedmontese are advancing towards the Stelvio Pass.

It is rumored at Castiglione that the Austrians have retired from Verona.

The London Herald's Turin correspondent says that 2,000 troops have been ordered from Milan to Brescia, and 10,000 from Turin.

There are great complaints of the scarcity of provisions in the villages occupied by the Allies.

"FRANKFORT, July 4.—At an extraordinary meeting of the Germanic Diet to-day, Prussia presented new and further proposals respecting the command in chief of the corps of observation on the Rhine. Immediately after the close of the sitting M. de Usedon left for Berlin."

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times says that Prussia's new proposals are in the hands of the representatives of Russia and England. Also that in a week the Prussian army will be in full march. Two *corps de armee* will be stationed on the Silesian frontier. To guard against Russia on the Lower and Middle Rhine, 140,000 Prussians will be stationed, and when all her preparations are completed, Prussia will probably make her proposals to France, which will undoubtedly be refused.

PARIS, July 5.—The official condemnation by the French Government of the article in the Paris Siecle, affirms that respect for the Popedom forms part of the programme which the Emperor Napoleon is carrying out.

The Monitour de Bologna publishes a letter from Count Cavour to the Junta of Bologna, saying that King Victor Emmanuel would not accept the union of Romagna with Piedmont, but will direct the Roman forces to concur for the purpose of obtaining Italian independence.

ENGLAND.—Lord Lyndhurst made a speech in the House of Lords, strongly advocating various measures of defence both on sea and land. He regarded the assertion that France had no wish to invade England, as undeserving of consideration. England might live in perfect independence of French forbearance, relying only on the vigor of her people.

The Fourth of July banquet took place at St. James' Hall, London. Consul Campbell presided. Much enthusiasm prevailed, and the usual toasts were drank. Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, made a speech, in which he compared the position of Italy to that of the United States in 1776, and expressed a warm sympathy with the spirit of national independence, exist where it may. He proposed a sentiment to the same effect.

Charles Villiers has been appointed President of the Poor Law Board, with a seat in the Cabinet, Mr. Gibson having accepted the Presidency of the Board of Trade. It is rumored that Mr. Cobden will be offered the Governorship of Canada.

It is reported again that the Emperor Napoleon will return to Paris about the middle of July.

General Pellissier's corps to observe the frontiers of the Rhine, will be in cantonments by the 13th inst. It will comprise 150,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 400 cannon.

The London Times' Vienna correspondent says that something unusual is going on between France, Russia and Turkey, and he would not be surprised if Turkey was to turn against Austria.

Four Russian corps are already on a war footing. All the officers on limited leave have been ordered to join. A levy of recruits is expected.

COCHIN CHINA.—The French troops have defeated the army of Annam, and captured a fort mounting twenty guns. The loss of the enemy was 500, and the French had 14 killed and 30 wounded.

INDIA AND CHINA.—Nena and the other leaders of the mutiny have been defeated and dispersed at the Irdwan Pass.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—*Liverpool*, July 5.—The Cotton Market closed dull, but steady.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The market exhibits a declining tendency, all descriptions being lower than previous quotations. Messrs. Richardson & Spence state the weather as favorable for the crops. Flour closes very dull, and holders are pressing on the market. Prices have slightly declined for all qualities. Wheat is also very dull, and has declined 1d@2d. Corn dull; quotations of yellow and mixed are nominal, buyers demanding a reduction.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—The market has a declining tendency. Pork heavy, with little inquiry. Bacon dull and 2s lower. Lard dull.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Sugar is firm but quotations are nominal. Rosin steady at 3s 10d@11s for common. Rice dull. Spirits Turpentine dull at 38s@39s.

LONDON, July 5.—Wheat is dull, but holders demand an advance; Sugar firm; Rice firm.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are favorable, the market closing active, and stocks of goods much reduced.

THE LATEST.—London, July 6.—The closing price of consols yesterday was 93¼@93¾ for account To-day the quotations are 93@93¼ for money and account. American securities are slow of sale, but quotations are unaltered.

LIVERPOOL, July 6—Noon.—The Cotton market closes firm, with an improved demand.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship Weser, from Bremen on the 1st and Southampton on the 4th inst., arrived at New York on Friday.

Mr. Milner Gibson has accepted the Presidency of the Board of Trade, declined by Mr. Cobden.

The news from the seat of war is of moment, mainly as confirmatory of what was previously known or generally inferred. The Austrians have abandoned the line of the Mincio, and fallen back on Verona, after having burned the bridges at Monzambano, Vallegio and Goito.

The Piedmontese have surrounded Peschiera.

A French division had been sent to the south, to join the corps of Prince Napoleon.

The legion of General Garibaldi and the division of General Cialdini are manœuvering to close up the whole valley of the Adige, in order thus to render themselves masters of the Lago di Garda, and to isolate Verona from the Tyrol.

BERNE, July 2.—A body of Chasseurs des Alps, 5,000 strong, has arrived at Tirano, under the command, it is said, of Gen. Garibaldi himself.

The news from Germany is highly important. Field-Marshal Prince Windischgratz was expected at Berlin from Vienna on a special mission. The Federal Diet had unanimously acceded to a proposition from Prussia to place a corps of observation on the Upper Rhine, and an extraordinary Diet had been convoked for the 14th inst. to raise money for war purposes.

Kossuth had been received with great enthusiasm in Italy.

Letters from Rome to the 28th assert that an inquiry into the disturbances at Perugia has been ordered. An official contradiction has been published of the reported liberation of criminals at Rome. A circular publication on the temporal power of the Pope, and an address by his Holiness to the Cardinals in the Legations, have been issued, both expressing confidence in the Emperor of the French.

The Lisbon correspondent of *The London News* says that the real merits of the difficulty between the Spanish and Portuguese Governments, relative to the frontier question, have not yet transpired. He is told that the bone of contention is some three leagues of land on the frontier, and although alarmists wish to make out that the Spanish Government has sent troops to Badajoz with the purpose of threatening Portugal, and has done so at the instance of France, there is every probability that the matter will be amicably arranged.

☞ Love, says Sterne, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.

☞ When Monsieur de Malesherbes resisted the pressing entreaties of Louis XVI. that he should retain his post, the King cried out, "Ah, how happy thou art! Would that I, too, could quite *my* place!"

☞ Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

☞ Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus: it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ The London Times says progress and reform are the masculine side of the political world. The feminine is conservatism, which resists, yields, conforms, borrows, reflects, and does all that the weaker sex are supposed to do under a superior influence. Conservatism has really no will of its own; it only regards with the variations of interest and caprice the stronger will of the other side. None of its measures are substantive and original.

☞ When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself. —*Zimmerman.*

☞ Fashion is the race of the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can.

BEAUTIES, in vain, their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms like the sight; but merit wins the soul.
—*Pope.*

☞ In every work of genius, we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.—*Emerson.*

☞ I am melancholic when thou art absent, look like an ass when thou art present, wake for thee when I should sleep; and even dream of thee when I am awake; sigh much, drink little, eat less, court solitude, am grown very entertaining to myself, and, as I am informed, very troublesome to everybody else. If this be not love, it is madness, and then it is pardonable. A Love letter of Congreve's.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

PARIS, Saturday, July 2.—The Monitour contains the following despatch from the Emperor to the Empress:

VALLEGIO, Friday.—The whole army has passed the Mincio. The Sardinians have invested Peschiera. The reinforcements which I have received by the arrival of 35,000 men under Prince Napoleon, have enabled me to approach Verona without compromising myself in any way, as I have left a corps d'armee at Goito to watch Mantua, and am about to assemble another at Brescia, to watch the passes of the Tyrol.

The Monitour also contains the following official bulletin of the battle of Solferino:

The force of the army of the enemy amounted to from 250,000 to 270,000. The new artillery produced a terrible effect. Its discharges reached the enemy at a distance whence their heaviest guns could not reply, and covered the plains with their dead. The loss of the French was 720 officers placed *hors du combat*, including 120 killed, and 12,000 privates killed and wounded. Among the killed are seven Colonels and six Lieutenant-Colonels. Among the wounded are five Generals.

At Paris it is believed in some quarters that the French loss at the battle amounted to from 16,000 to 18,000 men.

The Austrians accounts of the battle admit their loss to be twenty thousand killed, wounded and missing.

Twenty thousand corpses are said to have been buried—many were yet lying in the ditches and cornfields.

The Patrie says Napoleon had an epaulette shot away.

The Austrians had seven or eight Generals, and very many superior officers wounded. Gen. Grosslike was killed.

Some of the French infantry regiments were nearly cut to pieces. The Piedmontese suffered so severely as to be incapable of forming in line of battle.

The Emperor of Austria has not taken his departure for Vienna, as he was said to intend, but he is now expected to remain in Italy.

The new English Ministry has announced that it will be governed by a strict neutrality.

Mr. Cobden has declined the proffered seat in the new English Ministry.

The Emperor of Austria is said to be prostrated in mind and body by the terrible reverses of his troops. On receiving the news of the battle of Magenta, he burst into tears before the officers of his household, whose endeavors to console him were ineffectual.

HOW THE EMPRESS EUGENIE RECEIVED THE NEWS OF THE LATE VICTORY.—PARIS, Saturday.—As the sun burst upon Paris this morning, a courier, mounted on one of the Emperor's stout cobs with knotted tail, galloped into the quiet hamlet of St. Cloud—he bore a large letter, which he requested should be handed to the Empress. The drowsy porters told him that the Empress must not be disturbed from her slumbers. He insisted that his orders were peremptory—"Immediate delivery." They repaired to the Imperial chamber, and handed to her Majesty the dispatch—"Great victory! Great battle!" &c. The Empress rose immediately, radiant with emotion and delight, ordered a carriage to be got ready, and drove out at once to the picturesque cottage of Villeneuval l'Etang, to communicate the glad tidings to her charming young friend, the wife of Gen. Fleury. Thence to the Princess Clothilde; to the Palace at Meudon, to wake up the old Marshal Jerome Bonaparte, who started like an aged charger at the sound of the clarion. At every post, every village on the road, the Empress stopped her carriage, to share her joy with the soldiers and people; and long ere she returned from her gladsome errand to toss her boy with wild delight, and tell him that his father was a hero, and that he must be one in after years, the guns from the esplanade of the Invalides thundered forth the news from their iron throats, and Paris, already drunk with glory, woke to the consciousness of another victory.

THE TENDENCY OF THE WAR.—Since the announcement of the battle of Solferino, the greatest enthusiasm has prevailed among all classes of the population in Paris. Opinions are expressed very generally that the war in Italy may be considered as ended, and that the Emperor Louis Napoleon must at once take possession of the Rhenish provinces to punish Prussia and Bavaria for their unfriendly demonstrations. England, however, has made no unfriendly demonstrations, and yet, according to recent visitors to Paris, the people of that city are intoxicated with military glory, and say openly that England must also be invaded—whether before or after Prussia, our Parisian allies do not seem to have yet decided. Probably England will be "crumpled up" first, and then the extension of the French frontiers may easily be effected. Such talk as this may by some persons be regarded as idle; but this talk indicates the current of public opinion, and it is public opinion which incites monarchs at the head of powerful armies to wars of aggression and conquest.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

AN AUSTRIAN DETACHMENT TAKEN PRISONERS BY A RAILWAY ENGINEER.—Among the many lighter passages of the war with which the Parisians amuse themselves, we find in the *Sport* the story of the capture of a detachment of Austrians who were taken prisoners by the engineer of the railway. It appears that the Austrians were *en route* for Peschiera to reinforce Gen. Urban, when the engineer, whose sympathies were naturally on the Italian side, "switched off," and conveyed the Teutonic heroes into the middle of the allied camp. Here they were politely escorted from the railway carriages by the French soldiers, who, with that amiable politeness for which the nation is distinguished, saluted their enemies with "All those who are going to France will please change cars!" The feelings of the Austrians, at finding themselves taken prisoners in so ignoble a manner, may be imagined but not described.

THE OBJECT OF THE AUSTRIANS.—Turin, June 27.—I have received various accounts of the late battle from men who took part in that fight of giants. It is creditable to both armies; but though the number of men engaged on either side was much larger than at Magenta, it was even less decisive as a battle. The Austrians seem to have withdrawn in perfect order, and the French and Piedmontese, though they slept on the field of battle, were too exhausted to pursue the retreating army, which might have turned to day, and recommenced the fight. The scene of battle was a range of hillocks, divived from each other by patches of level ground. The object of the Austrians in crossing the Mincio and offering battle in the positions which they had abandoned a few days ago, will doubtless appear incomprehensible to unprofessional readers.

But it was a bold and skillful manœuvre, which had it been more skilfully executed, would have proved disastrous for the French and Piedmontese army. After the Austrians had for a second time abandoned Lonato and Castiglione, the Piedmontese army was ordered to move to the north, and invest Peschiera. The French army, on the other hand, made straight for the part of the Mincio which is equi-distant from Peschiera and Mantua—that is to say, towards Volta and Goito. The onward movement had already commenced, when, in the night of the 23d, the Austrian army crossed the Mincio in forty different parts, by means of pontoon and other bridges, with a view to get between the Sardinian and French forces, and try to deal with them separately.—*Correspondence of London Standard.*

BERNE, June 30.—The Federal Council has decided, in concert with the belligerent powers, that any *corps d'armee*, or soldiers seeking shelter on the Swiss territory, shall be sent back to their country, the governments engaging themselves not to employ them again in the present war. Arms and ammunition are to be given up after the end of the war, and the cost of their keeping to be repaid to the Swiss government.

Some of the commercial letters from Paris describe the state of trade to be gloomy, reports being in circulation that preparations are in progress for facilitating an enormous increase of the active military force within the next two months. It is mentioned that the army in Italy is almost without shoes, and that, owing to the scarcity of laborers in Paris, the government cannot get them made by contractors. The mayor of each arrondissment has intimated to all the shoemakers, large and small, that the government will require about 70,000 pairs to be ready in fifteen days. Every shoemaker will have to send in a certain quantity, according to his means, and it is hoped to collect about a million pairs in this manner.

COUNT GYULAI.—The Times correspondent writes from Vallegio of Count Gyulai in these terms:

Count Gyulai is still here, much dispirited, and asking for a court martial, but this the Emperor has refused, offering to the mortified pride of the unsuccessful General the honorable post of Ban of Crostia, vacant by the death of Jellachich.

The French loss, from all accounts, must have been terrible. Twenty-one generals are wounded. Of these five, it is said, have died. For two days the French army halted upon the field, to restore their shattered battalia.

PEACE RUMORS.—A letter from Vienna to the National Gazette at Berlin, says: "It is generally believed in well informed circles that the next mail will bring an account of an armistice, which will serve as the basis for negotiations for peace. The same opinion prevails at the Bourse, where prices have improved."

A Berlin letter to the Hamburg News, says: "It may be considered as certain that the Prussian government has opened negotiations with England and Russia, in order to establish a common basis of mediation."

RUSSIAN OPINION OF PEACE.—The *Invalide Russe* thinks that Austria ought to think seriously of peace. She is endeavoring to secure the support of Germany and Prussia, but, in acquiring powerful allies, she might at the same time array against her still more powerful enemies. In that case Europe would be inundated with blood, and for nothing else than to preserve Lombardy to Austria, though that province can never more belong to her morally.

THE SWISS MERCENARIES.—The Swiss Consul General at Turin has addressed a letter to the *Opinione*, of that city, declaring that "if the Swiss regiments at Naples, which have been forbidden to retain on their flags the emblems of the Federal cantons, continue to style themselves Swiss, the title is a usurpation, as they are really nothing but foreign regiments, and that the same may be said of those which still exist in the Pontifical States.

In reality those regiments are an agglomeration of soldiers of different countries, for which Switzerland is in nowise responsible, and she deplores that they should be improperly called Swiss regiments. The Confederation cannot prevent Swiss citizens, the sons of a free country, from enlisting in a foreign service, but it energetically repudiates all responsibility for acts which are purely individual.

The Giornale di Roma, in an official article, declares that the behavior of the Papal troops sent to put down the insurrections, has been everywhere exemplary.

The Italian regiments in the Austrian army have become very difficult to manage. The men desert by scores and fifdes. In the neighborhood of Trieste a whole battalion had raised the cry in favor of Victor Emmanuel.

A vessel on the coast, under the American flag, has been detected in the act of receiving the deserters on board after dark.

The people of Milan have made threatening manifestations against the Jesuits whom public rumor accuses of keeping up a secret correspondence with Austria.

The municipal body of Vienna have offered to maintain peace and order, in case it was necessary to dispatch the garrison at Vienna to the seat of war.

Enormous masses of French soldiers are marching to Piedmont, via Nice and Mount Cenis.

It is said that the Austrian monarch ordered the recrossing of the Mincio in opposition to the advice of Gen. Hess.

The Times gives a long description of the new iron steam ram, which it says will be afloat next June. Her total length will be 380 feet, breadth 58; total weight at sea, about 9,000 tons; full speed 16 miles an hour. About 220 feet of the broadside of the vessel will be of teak, 24 inches thick; this will be covered by armor plates 4½ inches thick on the deck. The ram will be armed with 35 Armstrong guns, each throwing 100 lbs. shot over a range of six miles. The ram will run down ships by driving straight at them at full speed. If she only does one half of what may fairly be anticipated from her she will be cheaper to the nation than a dozen sail of the line. The cost of the hull will be about £200,000, the engines about £75,000, and her fitting for sea about £45,000 more, or £320,000 in all.

The military commission of the Frankfort Diet is said to have approved of the demand to move an army of observation to the Rhine.

The French are making immense naval preparations in the Adriatic. Five ships of the line, eight frigates, six war steamers, thirteen floating batteries, nine gunboats, nine brigs, and two three masted vessels were at Antivaris.

They have many troops and enormous supplies on board. The Admiral was about to open his sealed orders. The real difficulty there is in getting rid of the Austrians without injury to the inhabitants or city of Venice.

Two of the London papers state that there has been a meeting at Paris, of the Inferior Diplomatic Agents of France in the Levant, and that they have been dispatched to their posts by orders from the Emperor. It is presumed that they have orders to aid in the getting up of an insurrection in Turkey, in the interest of Russia.

THE FRENCH FIELD TELEGRAPH.—A war correspondent, dating from Brescia on the 24th of June, reports a fact which has not hitherto transpired, concerning the scientific appliances of electricity to war purposes. It would appear that the remarkable precision and unity of the French evolutions were accomplished by a quite novel sort of flying aides-de-camp. From each corps, once in a position, a horseman rode off to the next division, unrolling on his rapid course a light wire, which no time was lost in adapting to a field apparatus; and the process was repeated all along the French line of twelve miles. Hence the movement of the whole army was known and regulated like clockwork, "from dawn to dewy eve," on that decisive day. This arrangement had been planned in Paris, and a supply of gutta percha-covered metal thread forwarded with secrecy and dispatch. It has done its work, and the patent may now be disclosed. Portable galvanism beats portable gas. It was already known to both armies that a special telegraphic corps operated in the rear of the Allies, and laid wires as fast as an advance was made. M. Lair is the Chief Engineer, and the first Frenchman who entered Novara, while the Austrians were scarcely yet out of it, was M. Ganthier, of that staff, who set up their box and telegraphed the details of the retreating corps at the moment they were outside the gates. Lonato, Montechiaro, and Castiglione, were in instant communication with Brescia and Milan when evacuated by the foe on the 23d.

☞ "There is no place like home"—except the home of the girl you are after.

☞ The celebrated Dunkirk fisherman John Barth, was elevated on account of his courage and ability, to the rank of commodore in the French navy. When his promotion took place, Louis XIV. said to him, "Oh, Barth, I have made you a commodore." "Sire," replied the bluff seaman, "you have done right."

LOSS AND LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARGARET VIVIAN PEARLE.

A rose-vine clinging to a cross,
A narrow ridge by blossoms crowned,
Are revelations of my loss.

She died three years ago, yet I
Never repeat the hidden name,
Even now, without a deep soul-cry.

In clover-blooms her blushes rise,
This York-rose brings her brow to light,
Through violets look her soft blue eyes.

In the vine's crimson-lined vest,
Scarce hidden from the school-boy's eye—
A little bird hath built her nest.

Trusting, without a shade of fear,
That naught to harm can here assail
With her, who loved the birds so near.

And oft the dainty humming bird—
That strange, bright waif from Paradise—
These amber-hearted flowers hath stirred.

Peering within, as if to find
Some tender message from the dead,
Some kindly thought for him enshrined.

And sometimes he the nectar sips,
Which they delight in offering him,
Thinking it brought from her pure lips.

Through quivering lashes of pale gold,
The sweet stars watch her grave: for this
They part the heaven's darkest fold.

To all created things was she
A minister of love and grace;
This all, and something more to me.

So, while thus faithfully and well,
Birds, flowers and stars remember her,
Let her in my remembrance dwell.

THE CLIPPING OF THE OSPREY'S WINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

"Sa—i-l ho!" sang the "sweet little cherub," clad in pea-jacket and tarpaulin, that stood "up aloft" on the main cross trees of the schooner Osprey, keeping watch, not exactly "o'er the life of poor Jack," but for any stray British merchantman on which the Osprey might swoop, or any King's vessel not too heavy with which she might try an argument of teeth and claws. She was ready for any kind of game, and we were all anxious to try her mettle and our own.

We had sailed about two months before with "letters of marque," from—well, no matter what port; privateering was more respectable then than it is now, and some of the sons and daughters of the merchants who were concerned in fitting out the schooner, might not like to be told where their money came from. No matter for the port.

We had been cruising about for the two months, looking for something to devour, but without success. To be sure we had seen a fleet of merchantmen under convoy, which we followed for a week, in the hope of catching some straggler; but they were too wise to trust themselves out of sight of their man-o'-war guardian, and we gave it up.

Captain Larrimer, the skipper, was growing savage, and the men were growing sullen at our forced inaction and the dull prospect of prize money, when, on a bright October morning, A. D., 1813, the dulcet song of the "cherub" aforesaid broke out *fortissimo*, bringing everybody on deck.

"Whereaway?" sang out the skipper, springing up from his cabin to what was called by courtesy the quarter-deck, though there was never a break in the level of the deck from bitts to taffrail; I'll tell you more about her directly. "Whereaway?"

"Dead to leeward, sir."

"What do you make of her?"

"Can't hardly tell, sir, yet, only she's a ship; I jest caught a glimpse of her r'yals, as we rose."

"Which way does she head?" called the skipper after a moment's pause, during which the lookout was intently scanning the horizon with his glass.

"Can't make out yet, sir; I've lost her agin. No! there she is. I can see the heads of her t'gall'n s'ls now."

"Billy," said the skipper, turning to me, "you've got the best eyes in the schooner. Take my glass and shin up for'ard, and see what you can make of her."

I took the glass and scampered up the shrouds. Ah! me; I was younger then than I am now, and hadn't this palsied leg and twisted hand to keep me back—and I soon caught sight of the cause of all the commotion.

There was nothing visible but the heads of her loftier sails, and those only when both vessels happened to rise simultaneously on a sea. As well as I could make out she appeared to be a large ship, close hauled on the larboard tack, while we were running on the starboard tack, with the wind abeam; so that, while we were heading, for instance northward—I don't remember what our course really was—she would be heading south-easterly, which, if both vessels kept on their respective courses, would soon carry her far astern of us. Her yards being, of course, braced sharp forwards, little more than the edges of her sails were visible, and it was a ticklish matter to see her at all.

"What do you make of her, Billy?" sang the skipper again.

I told him what I had seen.

"Hard up!" he shouted, without asking any more questions. "Ease off that mainsheet. Haul home jib and foresheets."

The orders were obeyed almost as rapidly as they were given, and the schooner, relieved abaft from the pressure of the enormous mainsail, and aided by the helm and the forward sails, whirled almost as if on a pivot, fell off dead before the wind, and was now driving along, wing and-wing, towards the stranger.

I promised to tell you something more about our vessel. She was a foretopsail schooner of the largest class, registering some six hundred tons, and carrying a mainsail, with a boist of ninety-five feet. The skipper never trusted the mast in a fresh breeze, with this sail, without getting up an extra preventer stay to windward; and even with that I have seen the mast spring and buckle like a fishing pole as she thrashed along through the water, scuppers under, sending the spray flying over her sharp bows back nearly to the taffrail.

She was a damp craft when the captain was in a hurry.

She was broad in proportion to her length even for a schooner; and her greatest breadth was considerably farther aft than was usual in those days; indeed her model approached somewhat that which a few years ago was brought to perfection in the yacht America.

She carried eight carronades of a side, and amidships a long, brass thirty-two pounder on a swivel.

Captain Larrimer, our skipper, was a thorough seaman and a good officer, though inclined sometimes to take counsel of his bravery rather than of his prudence. He had been an officer in the British Navy, but had been cashiered for challenging his superior officer on the occasion of some quarrel of which I never learned the particulars. Consequently, as may be supposed, he threw away no love on his former masters. His early experience had shown him the value of training and discipline, and everything on board the schooner was conducted man-o'-war fashion. All the men had their stations, every gun had its captain and crew, and he had so admirably trained the whole hundred and fifty men that formed our crew, for we were strong handed, that probably there was not a man-o'-war afloat that had better disciplined or more effective set of men.

The owners had fitted her out with great care and a disregard of expense in her armament, &c., that savored more of a desire to retaliate for the loss of several good seamen "pressed" from their ships by the British cruisers previous to the war, than of any wish to make money. Indeed the last words of the senior partner of the firm, as he stood by the gangway, looking at the skipper, beneath his shaggy eyebrows, and over the tops of his spectacles, just before entering the shore boat, were,

"Captain, bring home as many prizes as you choose; *but*, prize or no prize, you are to attack anything that carries St. George's cross, if it isn't too light heeled to catch, or too heavy to show anything like a fair fight. Don't spare the schooner; we'll pay the piper. I'd rather see you bring in a sloop-of-war, with her flag flying at her peak *under* yours, than any three of the richest traders they have afloat.

With these sailing orders, Captain Larrimer was not likely to make very strenuous efforts to get out of the way of a fair fight, even though it promised to be barren of anything but hard knocks.

It was, indeed, a rather dangerous license to give to a man of his reckless bravery.

I was at that time a boy of fourteen, and had left the counting-house of the firm to make my first trial of sea fighting, though not by any means my first of sea life.

Now to the masthead again.

I kept a close watch on the stranger as the two vessels rapidly neared each other, and her sails gradually rose above the water.

The "cherub," who had shinned up the maintopmast, and was holding on with his legs twisted about the slender pole, and his right arm clinging around it just below the trunk, now raised his song again.

"She's rising, sir; I saw the heads of her courses just now as she lifted on a sea."

A pause followed, during which all waited with eager attention.

At the rate the two vessels were driving towards each other, it was not many minutes before the lower yards of the ship were visible from the deck.

"Billy," shouted the skipper, "bring down that glass; you're no use up there any longer."

I hurried down and handed it to him as he stood on the heel of the bowsprit.

He looked long and intently; and then, as he lowered the glass and walked aft, I saw, by his compressed lips and the clear light that shone through his gray eyes, that mischief was afoot.

The first lieutenant was standing on the larboard rail, leaning against the backstay, scrutinizing the stranger through his glass.

"What do you think of her, Mr. Rhoades?" inquired the captain.

The lieutenant shook his head.

"I think the quicker we get back to our course the better, sir. That chap's too heavy for us."

"What do you take him to be?"

"If I know anything about the cut of sails, sir, there's no merchantman's hull under that canvas. I take her to be a heavy corvette."

"More likely an Indiaman," said captain Larrimer, "and if so, she'll make a splendid haul. I'll be ready for her, at anyrate. We'll hold on our present course till we can see what her hull's made of. Do you think she sees us?"

"I think not, sir; we have nothing aloft to show at this distance."

The course of the schooner was now slightly altered, and we ran on in silence for some time, until the vessels were within about a mile of each other, the stranger still holding on his course, apparently without noticing us.

It needed no glass now to show that she was a large ship. There was a spread to her canvas, and a symmetry about it, which seemed to confirm the lieutenant's idea that she was a man-o'-war, but the closest scrutiny with the glass failed to detect any ports, or anything that would indicate the presence of a battery; a few heads could be seen apparently looking at us, but that was all.

We were now within about half-a-mile of each other, when the captain exclaimed to Mr. Rhoades,

"Show 'em the gridiron."

The next moment the United States flag was flying aloft. The stranger showed no answering colors, however.

"That's a sleepy gentleman," said the skipper; "Tom Taylor, ask that pet of yours to speak to him, and see if you can rouse him up."

Tom, who was captain of the long gun, taking a huge quid of tobacco from his mouth, and laying it carefully on the gun between the trunnions, answered, briefly,

"Aye, aye, sir; I'll jest whisper in his ear," and applied the match.

The gun was not shotted, and the firing was only intended as a polite request to the stranger to make himself known.

No heed was paid to it, and the ship still held on her course.

"Send a shot athwart his forefoot, and see if that will teach him manners," said the captain, who was getting excited.

The gun was reloaded, and as the schooner hauled closer to the wind in obedience to her helm, the report rattled across the water, and as the smoke drove off to leeward we saw the shot skip across the ship's bows in rather uncomfortable nearness to her cutwater. Still she took no notice of us.

The skipper was now decidedly excited.

"I'll get an answer from that fellow," said he; "Tom, let him have it, just as near the fore chains as you can plant a shot."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Tom, squinting along the gun, screwing his face into a ten-fold ugliness—and he was an awfully ugly fellow in his most attractive moments—"here goes for her fo'mast between decks."

We saw the glancing of the white splinters, as the shot struck just abaft the fore chains.

"You stung him that time, Tom," said the skipper. At the same moment he ordered the helm put hard a-starboard. As the wheel went around, the schooner whirled her sharp nose up to the wind again, and was off to windward.

The touch of that shot had, upon our indifferent neighbor, very much the effect that the sight of the bodkin had upon Sir Piercie Shafton. The English flag went aloft, a double row of ports flew open along her side, and yawing slightly, she let us have the broadside—crash!

By the time it came, however, our active craft was eating into the wind in a position, with regard to the ship, that left little more than her stern exposed, thus lessening the size of the mark materially, though exposing us to the danger of being raked.

We were low in the water, however, and the storm passed over our heads. It hurtled through the rigging, and every eye turned instinctively aloft to see the effect.

The fore peak halyards had been shot away, and the spar was hanging by the throat halyards, and thrashing about in a way that threatened to bring down the sail bodily.

Captain Larrimer was now all alive. Flinging his cap upon the deck, after his fashion when his blood was fairly up, he shouted his orders rapidly and fiercely—

"Lower away that sail! Let it go by the run! Get the forecourse and topsail on her, Mr. Rhoades."

Fifty men sprang tumultously forward and up the weather rigging, and in a moment the crippled spar came crashing to the deck, while the fore-yard was lined with men, casting off the gaskets, and the heavy folds of the sail flapped and bellied out as those on deck drew it down to its bearings.

"Haul on the lee braces, and keep the head-sails shivering! Down helm! jam it down! Haul up that mainsail to windward!"

As these orders were obeyed, the schooner swept up still closer into the wind, and then, after holding her jibs shivering for a moment, fell off as she took it over her starboard bow, the head sails being now flat aback. They were hauled round, and the schooner now filled away on her original course.

The crew of the ship evidently thought we had enough and were running for it, for they raised a hurrah that, distant as we were, came distinctly to our ears across the water, followed by another broadside, which did no damage beyond making a few additional holes in the sails.

She tacked immediately and stood after us; but tacking, in a heavy, square-rigged vessel, is a much slower operation than in a schooner, and by the time she was fairly on her course, we were out of reach of her guns.

In the meantime a new halyard had been rove on the fore peak, and the sail was again hoisted and the square sails taken in, the schooner being swift enough to show her stern to any ship afloat, under her fore and aft sails, and being more easily handled in this trim.

"Roar away, gentlemen, roar away," said the skipper, coolly, "but you haven't clipped the Osprey's wings yet."

The stranger had not ceased blazing away with his bow-chasers after us until he found his shot dropping astern, and his own headway retarded by the explosion of the guns.

As soon as Captain Larrimer saw that the shot fell short, he ordered the sail reduced, so as to keep us going at about the same rate as the ship.

"Now," said he, "we'll try a game of long bowls with our friend, since he's found we're worth minding. Tom Taylor, pick yourself off that gun, and try if you can hit him on the nose."

Tom, who had been squatting on the long gun, with his feet on each side propped on the carriage, his elbows resting on his drawn up knees, and his chin on his hands, watching the movements of the enemy, gradually unfolded himself and stepped down to the deck.

"Aye, aye, sir," he growled, as well as he could, through the huge quid that partly filled his mouth, "give old Hanner a fair chance, and see if she don't spile his countenance. Bowse her round, boys. Now, Billy, my lamb," —I had taken the wheel by this time—"luff a bit, and git yourself out o' range, for fear I knock your precious head off."

I eased the helm down until the muzzle of the gun was pointing over the weather quarter.

"That'll do now, steady!" and bang went the gun.

The shot touched the water some distance in front of the ship, and went skipping harmlessly past; near enough, however, to send the spray against her side.

"Can't you do better than that, Tom?" said the skipper.

"I reckon," said Tom; and he did; *for* the next shot struck the bulwarks, just above the starboard bow-port, and raked the deck from end to end.

"That'll do," said the skipper, rubbing his hands gleefully; "try him again, Tom: a little over this time."

Tom had now got his range, and being an admirable gunner in practice, though he was innocent of any knowledge of the science of projectiles, and had extremely loose notions on the subject of parabolic curves, and atmospheric resistance, and all that sort of thing, he planted shot after shot in the bows of the ship.

The latter, finding this a losing game, changed her course and fell off before the wind, thus bringing her broadside toward us, with which she kept blazing away at us with most unremunerative industry, inasmuch as her balls all fell short.

As the ship filled away, we did the same, and the two vessels were now running before the wind in parallel lines, the ship rocking under her incessant broadsides, and endeavoring to close, while the schooner, cautiously edging away so as to keep the same relative distance between the two vessels, answered at regular and short intervals with the sharp, ringing crack of her long thirty-two. It was the old story of the kingbird and the crow.

Tom had confined his attention principally to the forward part of the ship, and at last, we saw, above the smoke in which she was enveloped, the foremast rocking. Another moment and it bowed forward under the pressure of the wind, and went down over the bows, dragging with it the maintop-mast, and all the hamper above it, together with the mizzen-topgallant mast.

So far as working was concerned, the ship was now a wreck, and the light heeled schooner swooped down upon her as her namesake would do upon a stranded whale.

Arrived within hailing distance of her bow, Captain Larrimer sprang into the fore rigging, and hailed her through his trumpet, to know if she had surrendered.

He was answered by a cheer and the fire of the bow chasers, the only guns which, in her crippled condition, could be brought to bear.

"Not satisfied yet, eh, gentlemen?" said the skipper, quietly; "well, we'll see who'll get tired of this end of the game first."

The schooner was put before the wind again, under reduced sail; and as she glided slowly across the bows of the ship, the shot from our carronades crashed through her bows, one by one, as the guns were successively brought to bear. Again we tacked, returning directly upon our track—and again the deliberate murderous fire was poured into the helpless ship.

If we had been bigger, we might have been magnanimous, perhaps, and have ceased our fire, to give her a chance to get into some kind of working order; but, as it was, we couldn't afford it.

Four times more, did we cross the bows of that ship, each time sending a broadside crashing through them, besides sweeping her deck with a storm of grape from the long gun; and each time the captain hailed to know if she had surrendered, always with the same answer.

We were gradually edging nearer, in our tacking, and it was not long before the intervals between the explosions of the guns were filled up with the rattle of musketry from the tops and over the bulwarks of the ship. We were now fairly within musket range, and the balls were "whit-whit-ing" into the masts and upon our low deck.

I observed one fellow crawl out upon the bowsprit with a musket in his hand, and lying out upon the spar, by which he was partially sheltered, pick off three of our men in succession, as fast as he could load and fire. His fourth and last shot was near being more serious, the epaulette being carried away from the left shoulder of Captain Larrimer.

"That wasn't a bad shot," said the skipper, coolly, "I wonder if he couldn't do better next time. Nathan, do you think you could rouse him out of that with your rifle?"

"I reckon I've barked off squir'ls nigh as fur off," said Nathan, a six footer from the backwoods, examining the priming of a rifle as long as himself, "an' it 'ud be quar, if I couldn't tech off that chap."

So saying, Nathan pitched the rifle up to his shoulder, and, without any apparent care about his aim, fired.

The man, at first, gave only a slight start as he lay along the bowsprit, and we thought he had missed.

The idea of Nathan's rifle, fired by Nathan, missing anything within its reach!

We watched the man intently; soon the musket dropped from his hands, into the sea; then his arm was clasped about the bowsprit as though he was trying to hold on; the clasp gradually relaxed, and he began to slide off sideways; half a dozen men sprang over the bows and ran like cats along the spar, to his assistance. Nathan raised his rifle again, and the click of twenty or thirty musket locks ran along our deck.

"Stand fast, there," shouted the captain, springing in front of the muzzles and beating them up, "would you murder a wounded man!" And then, observing two or three muskets again levelled, he exclaimed, "Will you obey! The man that fires a shot without orders, shall—"

His words were interrupted by the report of a musket, and one of those who had come out to help the wounded man, sprang nearly his own height into the air, and turning over as he descended, shot headforemost into the water and disappeared.

While Captain Larrimer, on ordinary occasions, was as excitable as a Frenchman, anything that put him in a tremendous rage produced an external calm, that had a much uglier look than any of the explosions of wrath to which he gave way sometimes.

Those who knew him well, could always tell when this mood was upon him.

As he heard the report that interrupted his speech so rudely, he stopped speaking, and, for a moment, looked steadily at the man who had disobeyed his orders, with a clear, cold, deadly light shining in his gray eyes, and then, without speaking, turned and walked aft.

"Send that man here," said he in a calm, low voice, which was heard, however, all over the deck, even amid the banging of the frigate's bow guns, which had resumed their fire as soon as the wounded man was taken on board.

The man was brought aft and stood face to face with the captain.

"You have disobeyed my orders, in action, and in the presence of an enemy; you have been guilty of a cowardly murder in shooting a man who was helping a wounded shipmate," said the captain, in the same low, calm tone, "and you have forfeited your life by this act of mutiny;" and he raised the pistol he had taken from his belt, cocked it, and levelled it at the man's head.

The latter folded his arms, and looked steadily into the black muzzle which was within a foot of his face, silently, and without the quiver of a muscle. Twice the captain's finger pressed close on the trigger, and twice he withdrew it, and the two steel-nerved men stood looking at each other.

At last the captain lowered his pistol, and said,

"You're a brave fellow; too brave to be shot down like a mad dog, if you can give me any reason for sparing you."

I had been too much spell bound by the scene, hitherto, to speak or move, but had stood waiting in trembling silence for the report of the pistol; when the captain lowered it, however, recovering my faculties somewhat, I gave the wheel to one of the men, and ventured to approach him and touch his arm.

"What is it, Billy?" said he in a kinder tone, for I was rather a pet with him, having been sent out by the owners under his especial care.

"Can't you let him off, sir?" said I, timidly, "he saved my life the other day, when I was overboard and the shark was after me."

About a week before, I had been skylarking in the rigging with the other boys, during a calm, and missing my footing while running out on the foreyard, had fallen head foremost from the end of it into the sea. Being a good swimmer, I should have cared little for this, in a calm, but as I reached the surface after my dive, the first sound I heard was a sudden, wild cry from a dozen voices, of "Shark! shark!" Looking eagerly around, I saw, to my horror, the dark bulk of the monster suspended just beneath the surface, his long back fin just above the water. He was not thirty feet distant, and, how I noted it, I don't know, but I could see him cautiously approaching, and could see the lazy play of his side fins and tail, as he moved slowly along. I saw them as plainly and as minutely as if I had been on the deck of the schooner, studying him at my leisure. I can see him now; and many a night's sleep have I had spoiled by that dark, ghostly figure, with its slowly moving fins and tail sailing into my dreams. I had but an instant to look, for the back fin disappeared, and I saw that he was sinking for his upward rush at me.

Two or three of the men had sprung into the small boat which hung at the davits, but in the hurry of lowering, the tackle had got foul, and there was some delay in getting it clear.

"Dive, Billy, dive, and get under him if you can!" shouted the skipper; "it's your only chance."

I saw this for myself, for I calculated my chances with a preternatural coolness which seems to me now almost miraculous.

The instant the fin disappeared, and I could discern, indistinctly, the shark working his way downward, I dove down, down, until my breath would hold out no longer. As I threw my head back to rise again, I saw a white streak glance through the water above me. It was the belly of the shark! The next moment I rose to the surface, a few feet to one side of him; I had time to get one full breath, but the shark had seen me, and turned; down I went again, but just as I sank I caught a glimpse of a man's figure, armed with a cutlass, flying over the side right towards the shark. The splash must have diverted his attention from me, for this time I saw nothing of him, and when I rose to the surface again, it was through water clouded with blood; the shark was nowhere to be seen, but in his place was the boat which had at last been lowered, and in the water, with a cutlass in his right hand, and his left resting on the gunwale of the boat to support himself, hung John Loker, the man who had leaped into the sea to a single combat with its most dreaded inhabitant to save a boy, and who now stood on the deck of the schooner, holding his life at the captain's mercy, with that boy pleading for it.

"Are you the man that did that?" said the captain.

"I am, sir," was the answer, in a firm, respectful tone.

"Let the life you saved balance the one you took improperly; you have the boy to thank for it; am I right, men?" exclaimed the captain; "what do you say? Who'll guarantee that I shan't repent it?"

"I will! I will! and I! and I!" came simultaneously from the whole company, officers and all.

"You may go," said the captain; "let no such thing as your conduct to day happen again, and it shall be forgotten; now, Billy, take the wheel again."

I resumed my station, Loker went forward again, and the fight, if it could be called a fight, went on.

We now increased our distance from the ship by the skipper's orders, so as to get out of the range of her small arms, which were rather too numerous for us; but as we rounded to, about half a mile off, we received the first proof of the truth of the lines in the old version of the Psalms, as done by Mather Byles:

> The race is not for to be got
> By him that fastest runs;
> Nor the battel by those people
> That shoot with the longest guns.

For we received a shot from one of the frigate's bow guns, that was followed by an ominous cracking. The foremast had been struck about twelve feet above the deck, and, in dismay, we watched it reeling, and the shrouds parting, one by one, till it went down, its butt falling with an awful crash across the starboard bulwarks, and then sliding off into the water, where it lay, with all its hamper, dragging.

Knives and hatchets were instantly at work, and in a minute we were clear of it, but the schooner, with no head sail to steady her, became at once unmanageable. As soon as she was relieved from the drag of the wreck, she flew up into the wind, jerking the wheel out of my hands as if they had been a baby's, and was fast "in irons" in a moment.

Here was a turning of the tables, with a vengeance!

The mainsail was sent down, there appearing to be no use in keeping it set, and the two vessels lay on the water, glowering at each other.

The firing was still kept up, whenever the guns could be brought to bear, as the vessels slowly changed their positions in drifting.—Both gradually settled with their bows to the wind, about opposite to each other, bringing us directly under the frigate's broadside. It opened on us, at once, sixteen heavy guns, against eight light carronades, and the long gun.

There was no chance of victory now, and no chance of escape; and we had to take it.

Storm after storm of round shot and grape hummed and whistled into the poor Osprey, sweeping down men by the dozen, tearing up the decks and cutting away the rigging. Two of the side guns were dismounted, on the side next the enemy. They were shifted to the other side, and their places supplied by the two taken from thence. The long gun, though not dismounted, was disabled, having had her pivot jammed by a shot. Nevertheless, the fight went on, for Captain Larrimer fought with a halter around his neck.

There was cheering on the ship amid the roar of the cannon, but no voice spoke on the schooner but that of the captain or his officers, giving the necessary orders. The men fought in the silence of desperation.

It was all in vain. The mainmast, by this time, unsupported by any stays forward, and aided by the powerful leverage of its backward rake, had gone down over the taffrail, crushing the wheel and the whole steering gear. John Loker was dead. Tom Taylor was below with a shattered leg. Mr. Rhoades was also below, coughing up his life blood from a shot-hole in the lungs.

The crew was reduced to less than one-half of its original strength, but still Captain Larrimer, standing on the disabled long gun, the most exposed situation he could have chosen, cheered on the men, and still the men fought on with the grim, silent energy of despair.—Three or four times the fire from the ship ceased, and they hailed us to know if we had surrendered. The only answer to each hail was a broadside.

The last thing I remember was seeing the carriage of the midship side gun fly to pieces, as I stood on the deck near the captain. They told me afterwards that a heavy splinter from it had struck me and knocked me insensible. The captain had been carried overboard by another shot, at the same time, and the men instantly ceased firing. The firing also ceased from the ship, and as soon as the smoke cleared away, a piece of canvas was fastened to a rammer and hoisted. The frigate sent a boat on board, ascertained that we were sinking, and immediately sent other boats—our own were all stove—and removed all who were living to the ship.

When I came to my senses, I found myself lying in the cockpit, waiting for my turn with the surgeon.

I don't like to talk of that time. The recollection of the agony I suffered for, they said, fifteen or twenty days—it seemed as many years—is not a thing I like to call up again. No matter about it. We were carried to England; we all of us had a taste of an English prison, and finally, through the influence of some merchants in London, who knew and had had dealings with the owners of the Osprey, I was released and sent home, a cripple for life, made so by the last shot fired at the schooner.

THE WORKING OF THE IMAGINATION.—Man has an unfortunate readiness in the evil hour, after receiving an affront, to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night-piece, and to transfer a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has, fortunately, the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object into one *focus*, by means of the burning-glass of imagination, and letting the sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved, and often censured, being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winkelmann, but only in another way. As he, namely, set aside a particular half-hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends, and viewing them in this beautiful crowded assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.—*Richter.*

THAT WORLD'S EARTHQUAKE, WATERLOO.—It was a Sunday; and while all the church bells in England were calling the people to prayer, the cannonade commenced. Everybody was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that Napoleon had crossed into the Netherlands, and that Wellington was ready to meet him. News was slow of coming, and people's hearts were sick with the expectation of the next mail. It chanced that, between the services on that eventful Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said, "There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere; for I remember when we were in the Peninsula we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of the fresh mould." He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down little pellets of the soil. "That's it, sir," said the gardener; "they're at it, sure enough." Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread "from end to end of all the sea-girt isle;" joy-cannon had sounded from all the castles in the land; and it was known that the greatest victory of modern times had crowned the British arms.—*White's History of France.*

AFTER THE BALL.

BY NORA PERRY.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done,—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the hour is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels, and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather,
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair, and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of her lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of Life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A HOSPITAL HERO.

It was a cold night in December, and the wind blew along the slushy London streets; the blazing lights in the butchers' shops of Clare Market waved about like infernal banners. The policemen stood stiffly up in the doorways for shelter; and we, who were snugly ensconced in the house-surgeon's room of old St. Barnabas, were perhaps the only people perfectly comfortable in the parish of St. Clement Danes. Our party consisted of Brown (we'll *call* him Brown), myself, and a small, thin man called Jourdan. How small and fragile he looked as he sat on the arm of the old horsehair sofa discussing with Brown and myself a question in physiology. How red the spots grew over his cheek-bones; and how his cough rattled as he called Muller, and Kolliker, and Scroeder van der Kolk to witness that he was right, and we two signally and miserably wrong.

"Well, so it be," said I at last. "How the wind howls. It must matter but little to these poor neighbors of ours under the Adelphi arches whether their sensory nerve-fibres can be traced upward from the posterior columns of the cord or not. For my own part, I don't believe a—"

"What!" shrieked Jourdan, "when Wagner has demonstrated that—"

"Oh, please, sir," said a nurse, bouncing into the room, "that man in the Top-Ward has got of bed, and is a jumpin' mad."

"Well, make him go back again."

"I can't, sir. He's got the crutch from the patient in the next bed, and I daren't go near him."

"Heigh-ho!" said Jourdan, "it's always thus in our profession. We just taste occasionally the sweets of scientific discussion, when we have to leave them for the disgusting practical applications."

Up stairs we went, past wards where the sufferers were most of them forgetting in sleep the distresses to which they would presently awake. All was quiet in the old hospital, save the howl of the wind and Jourdan's cough. "Confound the pedantic little chap," I thought to myself; "he'll waken that operation case." One more stair to climb, and we reached the Top-Ward, where there was unusual excitement, the patients sitting up in their beds; the poor fellow with heart-disease, the consumptive, the dropsical patient, all watching a tall stalwart figure standing in a flannel night gown, with his back to the fire, leaning with his chin on a crutch, and evidently in deep thought. Directly he saw me, he shouldered the said piece of timber, if not to show how fields were won, to give as good a representation as circumstances would allow of how he intended winning the field on the present occasion. Whisk came the handle over my head as I ducked and escaped the blow.

"My good man," said Brown, "now, do go into bed. Is there anything I—"

Whisk came the crutch again over our heads; and as we ducked, the maniac leaped rapidly past us from bed to bed, gained the door, and ere we had time to intercept him, was in the passage.

In the ceiling of the passage just outside this door was a trap which led out upon the roof; it was not far from the floor. With the activity of madness he leaped, caught the edge of the trap, swung himself up, and was upon the roof. We looked at each other.

"Here's a business," says Brown; "he'll be down into the street in a twinkling, for he'll never stand against this wind."

"What a mess we shall get into!" was my selfish thought. We got a pair of steps, and getting up them, put our heads out of the trap. The moon was shining bright, but the wind was shrieking through the old stacks of chimneys; and now and then a tile detached would slide down the roof and drop into the street.

"By Jove," says Brown, "he must have fallen; I can't see him anywhere. Let me look. Ah, there! Good heavens! how could he have got there, right at the end of this pointed old roof, covered with slippery tiles?"

Across this, in the moonlight, we could see a long shadow, and what I at first took to be a chimney-stalk, was the madman, standing gazing on the moon. At each gust of the fierce wind his body swayed as though he would fall; but there he stood in all the sublimity and strength of mania, gazing at that planet whose supposed influence over such unfortunates as himself, has given its name to the most awful of maladies. What could we do? The nurses, the porters were assembled at the foot of the steps. Our feeling of responsibility was intensely painful. An exclamation, a sudden noise, might send that poor wretch tumbling into the street. What were we to do? I felt something push by me on the steps, and then, for the first time, noticed that Jourdan had rejoined us. A paroxysm of coughing had kept him below stairs when Brown and I hurried into the ward. I saw his eyes sparkling, and heard his rough breathing as the little fellow said:

"Hold these," and put a pair of half-Wellingtons into my hand. Was *he* mad, too, taking off his boots in such a place?"

"Why, Jourdan, what—"

"Hush!" said he, as he raised himself through the trap and stood on the roof. We now saw he was going to seize the madman.

The latter, as I have said, was a tall, stout man in a state of acute mania; our friend was diminutive, and his naturally small frame was wasted by disease. He got on the sharp apex of the sloping roof; a blast of wind came, and down he went, but he caught something, raised himself, and walked along, like one on a tight-rope.

The madman does not seem to notice him. We watch them both, and our hearts beat not only with anxiety but shame. The possibility of such a feat never had entered our own imaginations. Now he nears the maniac, who notices him, turns half round, and throws his arms up in defiance. But on Jourdan goes. Their shadows now mingle on the roof. The wind seems to howl louder, and our eyes less able to distinguish objects.

"Great Heaven! they're down," said Brown, squeezing my arm, as something rattled over the roof.

No—it was only a tile.

What are they doing? They are nearer us now—Jourdan walking warily backward, and leading the maniac, whom he has grasped by the breast of the night-shirt. Still are these mad hands held out threateningly over the frail figure guiding him to safety. They reach the trap. Brown and I descend the steps so as to make room for this strange pair. Down they come. We seize the great mad arms, and pin them down, and put the man to bed.

We turn to look for Jourdan; he is quietly pulling on his boots again; and so we all return to the house-surgeon's room. I shall not trouble the reader with any moral reflections, which he may draw, as well as myself, from this little adventure. Poor Jourdan's brave spirit is now, I trust, where he obtains a clearer insight into those great truths he so enthusiastically investigated in his short and useful life. The patient whose life he saved was only suffering from temporary mental excitement, and is now a strong and useful man.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGINEER.

In returning from Philadelphia about the middle of August, 1856, the cars were very crowded, and my companion in the same seat with me I found out to be a locomotive engineer, and in the course of our conversation, he made the remark, he hoped he had run his last trip upon a locomotive.

Upon making bold to ask his reasons, he gave the following story, which since then I have found out to be strictly true:

Five years since I was running upon the New York Central Railroad. My run was from B——— to R———. It was the lightning express train, and it was what its name denotes, for it was fast—a very fast run, and if I do say it, the old Tornado could go. I have seen her throw her six foot drivers so as to be almost invisible to the eye. And let me here remark, it is supposed by many that railroad engineers are a hard-hearted set of men. Their lives are hard, 'tis true, but I do claim to have as fine a feeling, and a heart that can sympathise as truly with the unfortunate, as any party that breathes. But to my story.

About half a mile from the village of B———, there is a nice little cottage, but a few feet from the track. At that time a young married couple lived there. They had one child, a little boy about four years old, a bright, black-eyed, curly-headed little chap as you ever saw. I had taken a great deal of interest in the little fellow, and had thrown candy and oranges to him from the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

One fine sunny afternoon we were behind time and running fast, nor did we stop at B———, and I was to make up one hour before reaching R———. When we came up at a tremendous speed, and when sweeping around the curve, my eye following the track, not over two hundred feet ahead sat the little fellow playing with a kitten which he held in his lap. At the sight of our approach he looked up and laughed, clapping his little hands in high glee at the affrighted kitten as it ran from the track. Quicker than the lightning that blasts the tall pine upon the mountain top, I whistled "down brakes," and reversed my engine, but knew it was impossible to stop. Nobly did that old engine try to save him. The awful straining and writhing of its iron drivers told him but too plainly of the terrific velocity we had attained. I was out of the car window and down on the cow-catcher in a flash. The little fellow stood still; I motioned him off and shouted; his little black eyes opened wide with astonishment, and a merry laugh was upon his lips. I held my breath as we rushed upon him, made a desperate attempt to catch him, but missed, and as his little body passed, I heard the feeble cry of "mother!" and the forward trucks crushed his body to atoms.

Oh, God! that moment! I may live, sir, to be an old man, but the agony of that moment can never be erased from my memory. The cars stopped some rods from the spot, and I ran back as soon as possible. His mother saw the train stop, and a fearful foreboding flashed upon her at once. She came rushing frantically to the spot where we stood. Never shall I forget the look she gave me as she beheld her first born a shapeless mass. I would have given my whole existence to have avoided that moment! I have seen death in all its forms on railroads; I have seen all this, but that little innocent boy! as he looked up in my face, and was killed almost in my arms—it unnerved me, and from that day I made a solemn vow never to run a locomotive more.

That young mother is now in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. From the hour her boy was killed reason had left her throne.

He stopped, and wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, "You may think it weak in me to shed tears, but I cannot help it."—"No," I replied, "but think it noble; and, sir, would to God every man had a heart as large as yours."

I have often thought since how few are those who give one passing thought to the man of strong nerves and stout arm, who guides them through darkness and storms, with the speed of the wind, safely to their journey's end. They do not for a moment turn their attention to the iron monster that is dragging them forward with fearful velocity to meet friends or relations or home and all its loved ones. They do not realize that the man who guides the fiery monster, holds all their precious lives at his command, and that the least negligence on his part could cause sorrow and mourning in a thousand homes that are now waiting the return of absent loved ones.—*Cleveland Review.*

THE AMERICAN HERO.

Written in the time of the American Revolution, at Norwich Conn., October, 1775.

BY NATHANIEL NILES.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle.
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all His dealings,
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for:
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
When called to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bombshells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grapeshot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing ether.

Whilst hostile hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your bloodhounds,—ay, your British lions,—
As Death undaunted, nimble as the whirlwind,
Frightful as demons!

Let ocean waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible in nature;
Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow!
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee!

SMALL FEET IN PERU.—The ladies of Lima are noted for their extremely small feet, the secret being that infants of the female sex undergo, as a rule, amputation of the little toe of each foot. So general is the custom, that many women think that five toes on each foot is a state of things peculiar to the male sex. It is said that a Peruvian surgeon is coming over to London and Paris, where he expects to make a fine harvest. He warrants to ladies the tiniest and most graceful feet by means of the above-named amputation, and confinement to the house of only one week. A custom of this kind prevailed pretty generally in Paris some years ago, kept up by the very reprehensible complaisance of a surgeon, who had acquired some celebrity touching this silly mutilation. —*Paris Medical Journal.*

☞ Bill came running into the house, the other day, and asked eagerly, "Where does Charity begin?" "At home," I replied, in the words of the proverb." "Not by a good deal," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea (C)."—*N. Y. Picayune.*

☞ "I know," said Tinsey, "water is a fine thing, but it is so *dreadful thin.*"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER X.

TWO PROMISES.

More months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language, who was conversant with French literature. In this age, he would have been a Professor; in that age, he was a Tutor. He read with young men who could find any leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world, and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy. He could write of them, besides, in sound English, and render them into sound English. Such masters were not at that time easily found; Princes that had been, and Kings that were to be, were not yet of the Teacher class, and no ruined nobility had dropped out of Tellson's ledgers, to turn cooks and carpenters. As a tutor, whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and those were of ever-growing interest. So, with great perseverance and untiring industry, he prospered.

In London, he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold, nor to lie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectation, he would not have prospered. He had expected labor, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this his prosperity consisted.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages, instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom House. The rest of his time he passed in London.

Now, from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to these days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way—Charles Darnay's way—the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette, from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful as hers when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But, he had not yet spoken to her on the subject; the assassination at the deserted chateau far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads—the solid stone chateau which had itself become the mere mist of a dream—had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reasons for this, he knew full well. It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the Doctor reading in his arm-chair at a window. The energy which had at once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness, had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigor of action. In his recovered energy he was sometimes a little fitful and sudden, as he had at first been in the exercise of his other recovered faculties; but, this had never been frequently observable, and had grown more and more rare.

He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. To him, now entered Charles Darnay, at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due."

"I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter," he answered, a little coldly as to them, though very warmly as to the Doctor. "Miss Manette—"

"Is well," said the Doctor, as he stopped short, "and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was from home. I took the opportunity of her being from home, to beg to speak to you."

There was a blank silence.

"Yes!" said the Doctor, with evident constraint. "Bring your chair here, and speak on."

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here," so he at length began, "for some year and a half, that I hope the topic on which I am about to touch may not—"

He was stayed by the Doctor's putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while, he said, drawing it back:

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is."

"It is hard for me to speak of her, at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours, Charles Darnay."

"It is a tone of fervent admiration, true homage and deep love, Doctor Manette!" he said, deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father rejoined:

"I believe it. I do you justice; I believe it."

His constraint was so manifest, and it was so manifest, too, that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject, that Charles Darnay hesitated.

"Shall I go on, sir?"

Another blank.

"Yes, go on."

"You anticipate what I would say, though you cannot know how earnestly I say it, how earnestly I feel it, without knowing my secret heart, and the hopes and fears and anxieties with which it has long been laden. Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her. You have loved yourself; let your old love speak for me!"

The Doctor sat with his face turned away, and his eyes bent on the ground. At the last words, he stretched out his hand again hurriedly, and cried:

"Not that, sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recall that!"

His cry was so like a cry of actual pain, that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased. He motioned with the hand he had extended, and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause. The latter so received it, and remained silent.

"I ask your pardon," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, after some moments. "I do not doubt your loving Lucie; you may be satisfied of it."

He turned towards him in his chair, but did not look at him, or raise his eyes. His chin drooped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face:

"Have you spoken to Lucie?"

"No."

"Nor written?"

"Never."

"It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand; but his eyes did not go with it.

"I know," said Darnay, respectfully, "how can I fail to know, Doctor Manette, I who have seen you together from day to day, that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual, so touching, so belonging to the circumstances in which it has been nurtured, that it can have few parallels, even in the tenderness between a father and child. I know, Doctor Manette—how can I fail to know—that, mingled with the affection and duty of a daughter who has become a woman, there is, in her heart towards you, all the love and reliance of infancy itself. I know that, as in her childhood she had no parent, so she is now devoted to you with all the constancy and fervor of her present years and character, united to the trustfulness and attachment of the early days in which you were lost to her. I know perfectly well that if you had been restored to her from the world beyond this life, you could hardly be invested, in her sight, with a more sacred character than that in which you are always with her. I know that when she is clinging to you, the hands of baby, girl, and woman, all in one, are round your neck. I know that in loving you she sees and loves her mother at her own age, sees and loves you at my age, loves her mother broken-hearted, loves you through your dreadful trial and in your blessed restoration. I have known this, night and day, since I have known you in your home."

Her father sat silent, with his face bent down. His breathing was a little quickened; but he repressed all other signs of agitation.

"Dear Doctor Manette, always knowing this, always seeing her and you with this hallowed light about you, I have forborne, and forborne, as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt, and do even now feel, that to bring my love—even mine—between you, is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her!"

"I believe it," answered her father, mournfully. "I have thought so before now. I believe it."

"But do not believe," said Darnay, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were so cast as that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put any separation between her and you, I could or would breathe a word of what I now say. Besides that I should know it to be hopeless, I should know it to be a baseness. If I had any such possibility, even at a remote distance of years, harbored in my thoughts and hidden in my heart—if it ever had been there—if it ever could be there—I could not now touch this honored hand."

He laid his own upon it as he spoke.

"No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a voluntary exile from France; like you, driven from it by its distractions, oppressions, and miseries; like you, striving to live away from it by my own exertions, and trusting in a happier future; I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death. Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child, companion, and friend; but to come in aid of it, and bind her closer to you, if such a thing can be."

His touch still lingered on her father's hand. Answering the touch for a moment, but not coldly, her father rested his hands upon the arms of his chair, and looked up for the first time since the beginning of the conference. A struggle was evident in his face; a struggle with that occasional look which had a tendency in it to dark doubt and dread.

"You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart, and will open all my heart—or nearly so. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?"

"None. As yet, none."

"Is it the immediate object of this confidence, that you may at once ascertain that, with my knowledge?"

"Not even so. I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks; I might (mistaken or not mistaken) have that hopefulness to-morrow."

"Do you seek any guidance from me?"

"I ask none, sir. But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"I well understand that, without you, I could have no hope. I well understand that, even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her innocent heart—do not think I have the presumption to assume so much—I could retain no place in it against her love for her father."

"If that be so, do you see what, on the other hand, is involved in it?"

"I understand equally well, that a word from her father in any suitor's favor, would outweigh herself and all the world. For which reason, Doctor Manette," said Darnay, modestly but firmly, "I would not ask that word, to save my life."

"I am sure of it. Charles Darnay, mysteries arise out of close love, as well as out of wide division; in the former case, they are subtle and delicate, and difficult to penetrate. My daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, such a mystery to me; I can make no guess at the state of her heart."

"May I ask, sir, if you think she is—" As he hesitated, her father supplied the rest.

"Is sought by any other suitor?"

"It is what I meant to say."

Her father considered a little before he answered:

"You have seen Mr. Carton here, yourself. Mr. Stryver is here too, occasionally. If it be at all, it can only be by one of these."

"Or both," said Darnay.

"I had not thought of both; I should not think either, likely. You want a promise from me. Tell me what it is."

"It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time, on her own part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you, you will bear testimony to what I have said, and to your belief in it. I hope you may be able to think so well of me, as to urge no influence against me. I say nothing more of my stake in this; this is what I ask. The condition on which I ask it, and which you have an undoubted right to require, I will observe immediately."

"I give the promise," said the doctor, "without any condition. I believe your object to be, purely and truthfully, as you have stated it. I believe your intention is to perpetuate, and not to weaken, the ties between me and my other and far dearer self. If she should ever tell me that you are essential to her perfect happiness, I will give her to you. If there were—Charles Darnay, if there were—"

The young man had taken his hand gratefully; their hands were joined as the doctor spoke:

—"any fancies, any reasons, any apprehensions, anything whatever, new or old, against the man she really loved—the direst responsibility thereof not lying on his head—they should all be obliterated for her sake. She is everything to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me—Well! This is idle talk."

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence, and so strange his fixed look when he had ceased to speak, that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold in the hand that slowly released and dropped it.

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking into a smile. "What was it you said to me?"

He was at a loss how to answer, until he remembered having spoken of a condition. Relieved as his mind reverted to that, he answered:

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop!" said the doctor of Beauvais.

"I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you."

"Stop!"

For an instant, the doctor even had his two hands at his ears; for another instant, even had his two hands laid on Darnay's lips.

"Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?"

"Willingly."

"Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night." Go! God bless you!"

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later when Lucie came home; she hurried into the room alone—for Miss Pross had gone straight up stairs—and was surprised to find his reading chair empty.

"My father!" she called to him. "Father, dear!"

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom. Passing lightly across the intermediate room, she looked in at his door and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment; she hurried back, and tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed, to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools, and his old unfinished work, were all as usual.

CHAPTER XI.

A COMPANION PICTURE.

"Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, on that self-same night, or morning, to his jackal; "mix another bowl of punch; I have something to say to you."

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before, and the night before that, and a good many nights in succession, making a grand clearance among Mr. Stryver's papers before the setting in of the long vacation. The clearance was effected at last; the Stryver arrears were handsomely fetched up; everything was got rid of, until November should come with its fogs atmospheric and fogs legal, and bring grist to the mill again.

Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application. It had taken a deal of extra wet towelling to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the towelling; and he was in a very damaged condition, as he now pulled his turban off and threw it into the basin in which he had steeped it at intervals for the last six hours.

"Are you mixing that other bowl of punch?" said Stryver the portly, with his hands in his waistband, glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back.

"I am."

"Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you, and that perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually do think me. I intend to marry."

"*Do* you?"

"Yes. And not for money. What do you say now?"

"I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?"

"Guess."

"Do I know her?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess, at five o'clock in the morning, with my brains frying and sputtering in my head. If you want me to guess, you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. "Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog."

"And you," returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "are such a sensitive and poetical spirit."

"Come!" rejoined Stryver, laughing boastfully, "though I don't prefer any claim to being the soul of Romance (for I hope I know better), still, I am a tenderer sort of fellow than *you*."

"You are a luckier, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that. I mean, I am a man of more—more—"

"Say gallantry, while you are about it," suggested Carton.

"Well! I'll say gallantry. My meaning is that, I am a man," said Stryver, inflating himself at his friend as he made the punch, "who cares more to be agreeable, who takes more pains to be agreeable, who knows better how to be agreeable, in a woman's society, than you do."

"Go on," said Sydney Carton.

"No; but before I go on," said Stryver, shaking his head in his bullying way, "I'll have this out with you. You have been at Doctor Manette's house as much as I have, or more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your moroseness there! Your manners have been of that silent and sullen and hang dog kind, that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of you, Sydney!"

"It should be very beneficial to a man in your practice at the bar, to be ashamed of anything," returned Sydney; "you ought to be much obliged to me."

"You shall not get off in that way," rejoined Stryver, shouldering the rejoinder at him; "no, Sydney, it's my duty to tell you—and I tell you to your face to do you good—that you are a de-vilish, ill conditioned fellow in that sort of society. You are a disagreeable fellow."

Sydney drank a bumper of the punch he had made, and laughed.

"Look at me!" said Stryver, squaring himself; "I have less need to make myself agreeable than you have, being more independent in circumstances. Why do I do it?"

"I never saw you do it yet," muttered Carton.

"I do it because it's politic; I do it on principle. And look at me! I get on."

"You don't get on with your account of your matrimonial intentions," answered Carton, with a careless air, "I wish you would keep to that. As to me—will you never understand that I am incorrigible?"

He asked the question with some appearance of scorn.

"You have no business to be incorrigible," was his friend's answer, delivered in no very soothing tone.

"I have no business to be, at all, that I know of," said Sydney Carton. "Who is the lady?"

"Now, don't let my announcement of the name make you uncomfortable, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, preparing him with ostentatious friendliness for the disclosure he was about to make, "because I know you don't mean half you say; and if you meant it all, it would be of no importance. I make this little preface, because you once mentioned the young lady to me in slighting terms."

"I did?"

"Certainly; and in these chambers."

Sydney Carton looked at his punch and looked at his complacent friend; drank his punch and looked at his complacent friend.

"You made mention of the young lady as a golden-haired doll. The young lady is Miss Manette. If you had been a fellow of any sensitiveness or delicacy of feeling in that kind of way, Sydney, I might have been a little resentful of your employing such a designation; but you are not. You want that sense altogether; therefore, I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression, than I should be annoyed by a man's opinion of a picture of mine, who had no eye for pictures; or of a piece of music of mine, who had no ear for music."

Sydney Carton drank the punch at a great rate; drank it by bumpers, looking at his friend.

"Now you know all about it, Syd," said Mr. Stryver. "I don't care about fortune: she is a charming creature, and I have made up my mind to please myself: on the whole, I think I can afford to please myself. She will have in me a man already pretty well off, and a rapidly rising man, and a man of some distinction: it is a piece of good fortune for her, but she is worthy of good fortune. Are you astonished?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined,

"Why should I be astonished?"

"You approve?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined,

"Why should I not approve?"

"Well!" said his friend Stryver, "you take to it more easily than I fancied you would, and are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be; though, to be sure, you know well enough by this time that your ancient chum is a man of a pretty strong will. Yes, Sydney, I have had enough of this style of life, with no other as a change from it; I feel that it is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home when he feels inclined to go to it (when he doesn't, he can stay away), and I feel that Miss Manette will tell well in any station, and will always do me credit. So I have made up my mind. And now, Sydney, old boy, I want to say a word to *you* about *your* prospects. You are in a bad way, you know; you really are in a bad way. You don't know the value of money, you live hard, you'll knock up one of these days, and be ill and poor; you really ought to think about a nurse."

The prosperous patronage with which he said it, made him look twice as big as he was, and four times as offensive.

"Now, let me recommend you," pursued Stryver, "to look it in the face. I have looked it in the face, in my different way; look it in the face, you, in your different way. Marry. Provide somebody to take care of you. Never mind your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor taste for it. Find out somebody. Find out some respectable woman with a little property—somebody in the landlady way, or lodging-letting way—and marry her, against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for you. Now, think of it, Sydney."

"I'll think of it," said Sydney."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GREAT BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

Highly Interesting Particulars from the Battle Field.

[*Letter from H. J. Raymond to the N. Y. Times.*]

CASTIGLIONE, June 24, 1859.

I came from Brescia early this morning, and arrived just in time to witness the last half of what I have very little doubt will turn out to have been the greatest battle the modern world has seen. I cannot describe it with any precision as yet—for it has lasted all day, and extended over a circuit of not less than fifteen miles; the noise of the cannonade, and even of the musketry, moreover, is still in my ears, and none of those engaged in it, except the wounded, have returned to give us any distinct and connected report. But not less than 450,000 men have been engaged in it; and of these not less than 30,000—dead or disabled—lie, on this bright, starry night, upon the bloody field.

The battle commenced at a little before 5 o'clock in the morning—not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills—which projects a mile or thereabouts into the plain, and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain. The Austrians had taken position upon these hills, planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione which they could approach, as the French army was in full force in and around that little village, and had stationed their immense array all over the surrounding plain. As nearly as we can now learn, the Emperor Francis Joseph had collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazards of the day. Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light this morning, by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opening fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these—a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commands a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were *three times* driven out of the town, before they would *stay* out. The people of the village, moreover, took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French were compelled, in self defence, to burn the town. When they found it impossible to hold their ground any longer, they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta, which, as you will see by the map, lies directly south-east from Castiglione, and is only about a mile from the river Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and overlooking it completely on the south and south-east sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries; and when I arrived upon the field and went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops, these batteries were blazing away upon the French who were stationed on the plain below. I was too far off to observe with any accuracy the successive steps of the action, but I could distinctly see the troops stationed upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses towards the front, where the artillery was posted, as their services were required. But as soon as they reached this point they were speedily enveloped in the smoke of the cannon, and disappeared from observation. But the general result was soon made evident by the slackening of the Austrian fire, and by the falling back of their smoke and a corresponding advance on the part of that which rose from the French artillery. The cannonading at that point lasted for over an hour; but in precisely what direction the Austrians retreated, it was not possible, from the position I occupied, to see. Part of the Austrian force probably crossed the Mincio river, which flows southward from the lower end of Lake Garda, and empties into the Po.

But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino and Volta. At one point after another a sharp cannonading would arise and continue for half or three quarters of an hour—and after each successive engagement of this kind, the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrians and the advance of the French forces. During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot. But clouds began to gather at about noon, and at 5 o'clock, while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from the north-west; the wind came first, sweeping from the parched streets an enormous cloud of dust, and was soon followed by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and rapid explosions of rattling thunder. The storm lasted for about an hour, and the cannonading, so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rain ceased, the clouds blew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful. Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on—and when I again resumed my post of observation, from which the storm had expelled me, the cannonading commenced quite on the extreme left of the entire field and on the very borders of the lake, north-east from Castiglione and west of Peschiera. The Piedmontese troops, under the King, who commands them in person, had been posted there and received the Austrians as they came around. From about 7 o'clock until after night-fall, an incessant and most terrible combat was here kept up. The batteries of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart—and at the outset they were both served with nearly equal and effective vigor. But the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions, while the Sardinians poured a rapid and uninterrupted shower of balls upon them,—suspending it only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury. The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon, was distinctly heard. The former was continuous, sharp and incessant, sounding like the constant and irregular pattering of hail upon a roof, while the latter was occasionally suspended, but while it lasted was overwhelmingly grand and terrible. Over the Sardinian park rose a dense white cloud of smoke, directly upwards, its sides perfectly upright and well defined, and spreading outward both ways at the top, like an enormous sheaf of wheat. The sun was making a glorious setting in the west, and as his light gradually departed, the vivid flashes at each discharge of the cannon gleamed through the smoke like sharp lightning through the breast of an enormous cloud. Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half-a-dozen would break forth in instant succession. It was beginning to be dark when I turned to descend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon and the clattering of the guns of the infantry. But the Austrians were clearly falling back, and could scarcely have failed to sustain a total rout. It is possible they may be in condition to make one more struggle in the morning; judging from my own observation, it certainly is not probable. They have sustained an overwhelming defeat, and it seems to me not unlikely that the Emperor may now be induced, by the representations of the neutral Powers, to accept the peace which Napoleon will be very likely to tender him.

Just before nightfall a tremendous cannonading was distinctly visible in the direction of Mantua, and it was supposed by one or two French officers that Prince Napoleon was assaulting that fortress as part of the general plan of the day's operations, while the Emperor was engaging the enemy in the open field. But I see no reason to suppose that this is true, as Prince Napoleon could scarcely have reached Mantua by this time, as he was in Florence only a week ago.

I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous. I am confident that not less than *ten thousand* wounded have been brought into this village alone during the day—to say nothing of those that were left on the field or taken to other places. The first intimation we received of an engagement having taken place, was from meeting three or four carts, drawn by oxen, and filled with wounded—before we reached Montechiaro on the road from Brescia. As we heard of no battle, we naturally supposed that these wounds had been received in some skirmish. Soon after we met a one-horse carriage, in which was laid at full length an officer of rank, whose face wore so ghastly a look as to make it evident he was dying. On reaching Montechiaro, and stopping for a moment to rest our horses, we were told that a great battle was then going on in the plain before Castiglione; and going at once to the summit of some old fortifications which once defended the town, we could see with our glasses the smoke of the engagement. We lost no time in pushing forward, although we were told that we could not reach Castiglione, because the roads were completely occupied by artillery held in reserve. We went on, however, continuing to meet carriages and carts laden with wounded, and passing the French camps of the previous night, came to a point, at about half a mile from the town, where a park of artillery was defiling from their camp into the road. Watching our chance, we drove in between two of the wagons, and so entered the town under cover of the enormous cloud of dust which they raised. The main street was densely crowded with carts, carriages, horses, donkeys, oxen, soldiers, suttlers, and persons, and animals of every description. We pushed our way, without hindrance, directly past the house marked as the *Quartier Generale*, or headquarters of the Emperor, and were thus within the camp. We had gone but a short distance when we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross street to a church which had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited. All who were able to do so, were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be moved. Some walked along, their faces completely covered with blood from sabre cuts upon their heads. Many had their arms shattered—hundreds had their hands tied up—and some carried most ghastly wounds upon their faces. Some had tied up their wounds—and others had stripped away the clothing which chafed and made them worse. I saw one man walking along with a firm step and a resolute air, naked to the waist, and having a bullet-wound upon his side, an ugly gash along his cheek, and a deep bayonet-thrust, received from behind, in his shoulder. Most of those who were walking wore a serious look—conversing but little with one another, though they walked two and two—and few of them carried upon their faces any considerable expression of pain.

Those who were more severely injured rode upon donkeys or in carts—and a few were carried upon mattresses on men's shoulders. But these were mostly officers, and nearly all I saw carried in that way were so badly wounded that their recovery is scarcely possible. One had both his legs crushed by a cannon ball. Another had received a ball in his thigh, and was evidently suffering the most intense agony. Many of those whose wounds were in their legs were seated in chairs swung across a donkey—one being on each side. Several who were thus carried, and were supported by soldiers walking by their side, were apparently unconscious, and seemed to be dying. Then would come carts, large and small, carrying three, five, and some of them ten or fifteen each. A steady stream of these ghastly victims of the battle of the day poured through the town. I stood in the crowd by the side of them as the sad procession passed along, and watched it at this point for over an hour. It was not interrupted for a moment—except now and then by a crowd of prisoners—and it continued thus from about 10 in the morning, when it began to flow, until I left the street, long after dark. Every church, every large hall, every private house in the town has been taken for the service of the wounded. Those whose injuries are slight, after having them dressed, pass at once into the ranks and mingle with their comrades. I looked into the church as I passed by. All the seats, railings, &c., had been removed; mattresses of hay had been spread upon the floor, and were completely filled with wounded men, in every stage of suffering and of peril, lying side by side. The surgeons were dressing their wounds; Sisters of Charity and other women were giving them wine and otherwise ministering to their comfort; but morning will dawn upon a large proportion of them relieved forever from their pain.

Six or eight times while I stood upon the street watching the wounded, there came along squads of prisoners taken at various stages of the action. Sometimes there would be only three or four—then twenty, fifty or a hundred, and in one company over 400. They walked closely together six or eight deep—the officers being generally in the middle—and were guarded by a single file of troops walking on each side. As a general thing they were not bad looking men. Very many of them were very young—not over 16 certainly—and only now and then you would see a particularly brutal and stupid countenance. There was nothing like anger or shame on their faces; they seemed generally wholly indifferent to their position, but looked about with a good deal of curiosity upon the crowd which surrounded them. They were generally silent, though now and then they would talk and laugh with each other as they passed along. The officers were, with scarcely an exception, handsome, manly and intelligent fellows. All were without arms. The uniform of the men was a very coarse brown stuff, made of flax, very plain, and with scarcely any attempt at ornament. Towards night, carts began to come in laden with wounded Austrians, hundreds of whom passed along while I stood there, and were taken directly to the hospitals, where they received precisely the same treatment as the French. Most of them seemed to be very badly hurt. Among the number, both of the wounded and the prisoners, were many Hungarians.

The town to night, as might be expected, is simply a camp. The streets which are narrow are crammed with artillery and provision wagons, trying, almost in vain, to make their way through the town;—bivouac fires light up the orchards and fields all around the village;—two streams of troops pour out on the two roads leading to the field of battle, extending as far as the eye can reach;—suttlers, fruit peddlers, and small dealers of every kind circulate among the soldiers who crowd the streets—an immense train of Piedmontese artillery are brought to a stand in the street while trying to make through the town to their place of encampment;—and thousands of French infantry, despairing of reaching their tents, have seated themselves upon the narrow sidewalks, and with the housewalls for a back and their haversacks for pillows, they have addressed themselves in that position to the labor of obtaining a night's rest. It is a striking scene, most certainly,—and the most wonderful part of it is *the perfect order and good behavior of the troops*. I have not seen during the whole day, a single instance of disorder, or of even rudeness in word or deed from any soldier. Not one have I seen in the slightest degree intoxicated;—not one have I seen shouting or singing;—not a rough or rude remark have I seen or heard addressed to any one—nor have I failed, in a single instance, whenever I have applied to a soldier for information, or addressed him on any subject whatever, to receive a courteous reply, and the most polite endeavor to aid my wishes. Nor have I heard a single cheer over the victory—or a single syllable of exultation over the prisoners as they come in. The most respectful silence has in every case been preserved. Expressions of sympathy with the wounded were constant, and prompt attention, so far as possible, was always given to their wants. Private property in the town, so far as I can see, has been treated with perfect respect. In selecting fields for the camp, those which will be injured by it least, seem uniformly to be chosen. Bakers' shops, and groceries with cheese, bacon, sausages, &c., freely exposed, are open,—and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property. Yet there is no great rigor of discipline enforced—for the soldiers seem to be quite at their ease, and wander about town very much at their own discretion.

H. J. R.

LATER FROM CASTIGLIONE—DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

CASTIGLIONE, Friday, June 24.

Francis Joseph has commanded and lost today his first battle. His army, concentrated at leisure within the last fortnight, was the most formidable in number of modern times. It was stationed at a point chosen by himself, where he had the advantage of a superior position, and yet he was beaten completely from the field by the French army.

We were fortunate enough to arrive on the ground in the early part of the fight, and during a portion of the time were stationed on a hill, at the very spot occupied by the Emperor Napoleon during the first few hours of the day. From this point we could take in with the eye the whole field, and notwithstanding the extent of the ground fought over, were able to comprehend the *ensemble* of the battle.

The two armies had been gradually approaching each other for several days, and it was generally understood, as well in the army as in the country near the scene of the great conflict, that a field battle was imminent. The army of the Emperor of Austria, which had gradually retreated from the fatal field of Magenta, halted, demoralized, at the Mincio. The Emperor, who had been collecting reinforcements—one might call it a new army—at Verona, advanced a week ago with this force, and, joining with the army which had fallen back from Magenta, moved to the encounter of the French, to seek revenge for the defeat of Gyulai. The French were only too well pleased to meet their enemy thus, and the encounter on the plain of Castiglione was as if by mutual agreement.

The Emperor's head-quarters on the 23rd were at Montechiaro. A part of the army, however, camped the same night at Castiglione, and on the 23rd the whole army was encamped, a portion at the farther border of the town of Castiglione, and the balance along the road to Montechiaro. A body of 450 Austrians had been captured on the road to Castiglione, and the advanced posts of each army were constantly in the neighborhood of one another.

Castiglione, a compact town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants, and almost two thousand years old, is built upon a slight elevation, which is actually the termination at that place of the Lombardian Alps. To the south and west of the town extends as far as the eye can reach, the level and highly-cultivated country for which this part of Italy is so celebrated. To the east of the town there extends a series of hills, three or four hundred feet high, in circular form, presenting their concavity to the south, and terminating at a distance from the town of perhaps 6 miles. Around this tongue of hill the plain extends to the north, where it terminates at the strongly fortified town of Peschiera.

On the night of the 23rd, the whole Austrian army moved up to the vicinity of Castiglione, within a mile of the advanced camp of the French army. They came up so noiselessly that the French supposed it to be their intention to sweep around and encircle the town.—No such attempt, however, was made, and at 5 o'clock this morning the battle commenced, but by which army the first gun was fired, no one thus far has been able to inform me. It was an understood thing no doubt in both armies, that the moment had arrived for the decisive trial of strength, and it mattered little who fired the first gun. Both armies were eager to begin the struggle, and only awaited the signal of attack.

The Austrian centre was on and toward the extremity of the long tongue of hills to which I have referred; their right on the same range of hills, close up to the town of Castiglione, and their left extending directly out across the plain to the south of the termination of the tongue of hills. On these hills there were two villages occupied by the Austrians, and a high old tower overlooking the plain and the whole country around. The Austrian position was in a crescent (as at Magenta), about eight miles long; and was exceedingly strong in every point of view, since the French were obliged to attack from the plain, in full view, and in a concentrated form.

During the first hours of the battle the French were twice driven back by the superior numbers and the impetuosity of the Austrians. But this retrograde movement was not a repulse, and the ground lost was immediately regained. It was the First Regiment of Zouaves that suffered most at this moment. At 1 o'clock I saw two cart loads of wounded men of this Regiment as they came off the field, on their way to the hospital at Castiglione, and they told me that at that moment not a single commissioned officer of their Regiment was on his feet. Their brave Colonel, who had been promoted only three days before, in place of their Colonel killed at Magenta, had received three wounds, and in effect I saw him carried from the field soon afterwards on a litter, covered with blood and dust, and apparently suffering deeply from wounds.

The two villages on the line of hills held by the Austrians offered the greatest resistance to the advance of the French. One of these, Solferino, was taken and retaken three times by Canrobert's division, and it is said that at this point the dead bodies actually concealed the ground from view.

Another village nearer to Castiglione, in which, strange to relate, both the men and the women of the town fired upon the French, was totally burnt down by Marshal Canrobert's orders, who was naturally indignant at such conduct. I had this detail from different persons engaged in the battle, but the burning took place early on the day before we arrived on the ground, and we did not, therefore, see this incident.

The Austrians were gradually driven back over the plain, and from their strong position on the hillsides, till four o'clock, they made their last obstinate stand at the town of Volta, six miles east of Castiglione. An hour's work dislodged them from this place, and then at 5 o'clock, a violent rain storm coming up, attended with lightning and thunder, the retreat of the Austrians commenced.

The storm had no sooner ceased than the thunder of the artillery was again heard, but this time around and to the north of the point of hills in the direction of Peschiera. The battle had been renewed, or perhaps to us at the village, only drowned by the storm. We hastened to a high hill half a mile east of the town, to a point near where the Austrian right rested at daylight in the morning, and at the very place on which Napoleon had stood during the first hours of the battle, and from this point we could see distinctly what was going on. Away to the northeast, towards Peschiera, which was clearly in view, and apparently near the borders of the lake of Garda, the battle was raging with renewed fury. The Piedmontese, fifty thousand strong, commanded by the King, who had stopped the night of the 23rd, in advance of Sonato, and who had come to the field of action in the rear of the Austrian morning position, had attacked the Austrians in the flank as they retreated. We could see each discharge of the cannon as they vomited forth in rapid succession their death-dealing missiles, and when we shaded our ears behind the crown of the hill on which we stood, could hear distinctly not only the discharges of the cannon, but the sharp, rapid cracking of the rifled muskets of the infantry.

The scene at this moment was one long to be remembered. Ten miles north of us, and on the eastern and western shores of the lake, the Alps reared their snow covered tops above the clouds. The Austrians could be seen steadily receding; the batteries of artillery on both sides were constantly shifting from one little hillock to another, and as soon as placed in position, a regular rolling discharge could be heard, and a line of fire seen like a conflagration. The scene was alike picturesque and terrible.

The Austrians continued to recede towards the Mincio at Peschiera, and it was reported in the French army that the bridge at that place had been cut, some said by Garibaldi, some by the people, and that the Austrian retreat being thus cut off, they would be all surrounded. Others pretended that Garibaldi was on the other side of the lake awaiting the Austrians on their retreat; but all these statements may have been mere surmises. At Mantua, which could be seen in the distance to the south-east, there was a great quantity of smoke, which gave rise to the supposition that Prince Napoleon had arrived from the Duchies on that side, and had commenced the siege of that place. But this is problematical.

This great battle, which will render Solferino and the 24th of June memorable in history, lasted from 5 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening—a total of sixteen hours; and it may be that the pursuit is not yet suspended. It was a battle in which French skill in the art of war once more proved superior to that of Austria, her ancient enemy, and it would seem that she ought now be willing to make peace.

We were unable to arrive even at an approximation of the casualties of the day. All the officers who might have been able to furnish us correct information continued in pursuit of the enemy, and we were obliged to rely upon what we saw with our own eyes and could obtain from the wounded themselves. From these data we feel warranted in saying that the French must have had 25,000 men *hors de combat*. We certainly saw ourselves 10,000 wounded men come from the field, on carts, wagons, mules and litters. The procession of the wounded was continuous during 12 hours that we remained spectators of the scene, and now, in the morning hours, the stream is pouring on, seeking a resting-place in the churches of the surrounding villages and hamlets towards Brescia, all of which have been seized by the surgeons for hospital purposes.

The Cent Gardes had established their *ambulances* in the house at which we had placed our carriage for the safety during the battle. Several of these men were wounded near the Emperor, and the surgeon to the corps assured me that the Emperor had a ball on the top of the shoulder, under the epaulette. Several of the officers of his Majesty's *etat major* were also wounded, and from all I can learn the casualties among the officers on the French side were numerous.

If anything were wanting to prove that the French were the most admirable soldiers in the world, as well on the field of battle as when wounded, it was surely manifested on this memorable day. With the exception of a few men, who were dying as they were jolting along the streets in the carts, and from whom escaped the involuntary groans of the dying hour, not a word of complaint was uttered; and I saw officers and men, on whom the blood was oozing from ghastly wounds, calmly smoking their pipes as they passed along on their way in search of an *ambulance* and a surgeon.

We saw about 3,000 Austrian prisoners brought in. How many were taken during the day could not be ascertained. I saw one crowd of 600, another of 450, and many smaller squads. The Austrians wounded were piled into the carts sometimes indiscriminately with the French. The largest gang I saw were brought in by the Turcos. They were obliged to stop on account of the crowding at the point where I stood, and I thus had an occasion to take a good look at them. A considerable proportion of these were Lombards, a fact which a large and savage looking Turco of the escort evidently did not know, for he explained to us in ridiculing them, that they fired but once and then laid down their guns.

In and about Castiglione, there were 20,000 soldiers in charge of the enormous train of the army, while in the rear of the town there remained a reserve of 20,000 men, to support the army in case of disaster. Add to this 10,000 or 15,000 wounded men in Castiglione, and several hundred thousand men scattered over the plain in conflict, and dead on the ground, and you have a scene encompassed in a space of eight miles diameter, such, perhaps, as this land of great battle scenes never saw before.

The Emperor's head-quarters were moved from the village of Castiglione to Volta, the most distant of the captured villages, at six o'clock in the afternoon. The crossing of the Mincio will no doubt take place to-morrow, for Volta is within a mile or two of this river, and the Emperor will not now be likely to give the enemy any rest.

MALAKOFF.

MONTECHIARO—Morning of the 25th.

I was obliged to return here this morning, which is four miles on the road to Brescia, in order to get food for man and horse, intending to return again to the battle-field in the afternoon. During the two hours I have been here, one continuous train of wagons has been passing with the wounded, seeking, wherever they can find, far or near, but always towards home, a resting place to get cured of their wounds. The women and the priests carry them out wine and compresses for their wounds, while the men of the town help soldiers, such as wish to rest awhile on their feet, to descend and remount again into their wagons. If I did not already know the result of the battle, I would be ready to suppose, from the enormous number of wounded soldiers at this moment passing my window, that the French army had been literally destroyed. I am quite sure, no matter what the French official report may say, that my preceding estimation of the number of wounded is small.

Mr. Raymond, Judge Foster, of Troy, and myself, were the only strangers, (with the exception of two English journalists,) whom we knew to be such, on the ground during the battle.

We have only been able to preserve our carriage, which is rather an elegant one for this country, and two horses, by a passport as bearer of despatches, which I was fortunate enough to have in my pocket, and which was given to me by the American Minister in Paris, for despatches for the American Minister at Turin. All other private carriages have been seized to convey wounded officers back to Brescia. This mere semblance of officiality goes a long way with the order loving, respectful, and always polite French officials.

MALAKOFF.

NEWS ITEMS.

A TELEGRAM from the seat of war says that an American named E. H. Perkins, of Boston, together with his wife and three ladies, narrowly escaped being massacred at Perugia.

GUAGE OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.—The Cincinnati Commercial says that it is not at all improbable that within the next two years a strong effort will be made to induce all parties in interest to change the guage of both divisions of the Ohio and Mississippi road from 6 feet to 4.8½ or 4.10. It is pretty generally conceded by railway managers of experience, that the average cost of operating a 6 foot guage road is nearly, if not quite, 10 per cent. over the cost of operating a narrow guage line. Upon the lowest estimated traffic on the Cincinnati and St. Louis line for 1860, this extra expense will amount to one-half the cost of changing the guage of the entire road. It is believed that this change could be made at a cost not exceeding three hundred thousand dollars.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.—The Washington Statesman, referring to Mr. Botts' argument against Mr. Cass' law of naturalization, says: "If a male slave of Virginia—one of Mr. Botts', for instance—were to escape from his owner, proceed to Prussia, there become a subject of the Crown, and subsequently return to Virginia, is it likely that he would be restored to Prussia upon the demand that he is a Prussian subject?"

THE Selectmen of Frothville, New York, being fearful that the quiet of the morning of the Fourth might be disturbed by the boys, took the precaution over night to drug them all with paregoric. The result was that not one of them was up before 9 o'clock.

AT a meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark, N. J., Gov. Price, in response to a toast, made a speech, in which he related the following anecdote:—"On the day preceding the night on which Gen. Washington had determined to cross the Delaware and attack the British in Trenton, an Englishman in the neighborhood dispatched his son with a note to Gen. Rahl, to warn him of the approaching danger. The General being deeply absorbed in a game of chess when the note was presented, he, without withdrawing his attention from the game, thoughtlessly put the note in his vest pocket. After the battle, next day, when Gen. Rahl was brought in mortally wounded, the note was found unread in his pocket."

THE Pope has made a demonstration in token of his neutrality by canonizing on the same day an Austrian and a French saint.

THE Archbishop of Florence has blessed the Italian flags in the presence of the Tuscan, Sardinian and French authorities, and distributed four thousand two hundred medals of the Immaculate Conception among the revolutionary soldiers of Tuscany.

THERE is a woman in Buffalo who knits in front of the residence of her debtor every day, in the hope of compelling him, by this public manner of dunning him, to pay up. She attracts large audiences, and never gets tired of repeating her story.

AN ADOPTED JERSEYMAN IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—A young man, aged about twenty-five, by the name of Otto Hame, a native of Berlin, in Prussia, who was for some time a resident of Patterson, some three months since left for Berlin, to take possession of property worth from $15,000 to $20,000, left by an uncle, and on the second day of his arrival he was put into the army. This, we believe, is the case, relative to which the American Minister, at Berlin, was recently instructed.

WE learn from The Richmond Enquirer of the 13th, that private letters from the continent of Europe intimate that the American officers who had been permitted by the United States to go to the seat-of-war in order to gain military insight into war tactics by observation of the contending Powers, have been refused passports to travel thither. They consequently returned to England to await further diplomatic consideration of the matter and causes of objections.

THE Hon. Israel Washburn, of Maine, gave the following felicitous sentiment at the late Bangor celebration on the Fourth:

"*Our Country*—Our country, right or wrong; when right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right."

THE steamer Canada reports that she struck an iceberg on July 9, at 1 45 P. M., in lat 48 45, lon. 47 47, carrying away her bowsprit, cutwater and upper part of the main stem. All the damages were four feet above water-mark and the ship did not leak. She will be ready to sail on the appointed day.

H. W. COAN, of Canaan, Connecticut, has a cow, pasture fed, which gave, in one week, 290 pounds of milk, making 16 pounds 2 ounces of butter, and there is a cow in Guilford which gave, during the month of June, 1,200 pounds of milk—the same being accurately weighed.

HERE is another sad incident in the melancholy story of Fanny Deane Halsey. The infant daughter, which has been very sickly ever since it was deprived of its mother, died recently, and was buried in the same grave that contains the remains of its hapless parent, for the detection of whose murderer or murderers the Mayor's reward of $500 is still advertised.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 265—Adults 89, and children 176.

☞ The man who builds a house that he has not the means to pay for, simply provides a home to run away from.

THE EX-KING JEROME BONAPARTE.—It has fallen to the lot of man to see such ar ing vicissitudes of fortune, affecting himself family, as has been witnessed by the pen age whose name heads this article. The dre of romance have been excelled by the ac realities of his life. He is the only survi brother of the illustrious Napoleon, and born in 1784. So long has the latter been historical character that, at first, it appears most impossible that the great conqueror, after running the most remarkable caree twenty years that the world ever saw, te nated it by his death, nearly forty years upon the rock of St. Helena, should ha brother now occupying a high position in French Government.

Of all his family, he alone is permitte witness both their remarkable rise in prospe and fortune and their subsequent tremend downfall, and their equally wonderful ret to the height of power and influence. His collection goes back to the time when the fan of Bonaparte was not known beyond the ra of a few friends and acquaintances, and wi its members in private life, were compelled struggle in obscurity with penury and mis tune. He can recollect his mother, a wid with a large family of children upon her han and when it required a stern conflict to obt for them the necessary means of subsistenc He was in early manhood when the genius his brother first burst upon the world, opened to his relatives visions of power splendor that never, even in the wildest flig of imagination, had they previously entertain He saw his brothers and sisters placed, by magic wand of Napoleon, upon nearly all thrones of Europe, and decked with diade and coronets.

For the first time in the history of Euro was the extraordinary spectacle observed o family of private citizens parcelling thrones a crowns among themselves, as if they had be the merest baubles. Jerome was thirty-o years old when the dark clouds of misfortu and disaster gathered black and heavy over t fortunes of his family, and when the sto came that swept them from their height grandeur and glory, into the depth of humil tion and debasement. He saw the star of t Bonaparte destiny, so often apostrophized Napoleon, sink beneath the clouds, apparent never to rise again. For nearly forty years t blackness of night enveloped it. Not one the original family saw this long night to close, save Jerome; as, before it again emerg from the political horizon, they were all d ceased. Jerome has had the remarkable fe city to see the fortunes of his family re-esta lished under a new Napoleonic dynasty.

One of the chiefs of the old empire, he hold a similar position in the new. He directs th counsels of the Regent Empress Eugenie, as h had previously done those of Maria Louisa. great historical monument of the past is th old King Jerome, who personally has witnesse the most remarkable family history that th world has ever seen. It is not yet finished He has not yet attained the most extreme ol age, and it is possible that he may see event affecting his family quite as startling and re markable as those which have hitherto charac terized its career.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

THE HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES RECONCILED TO HIS WIFE.—The New York Tribune has the following singular announcement, which appears to be too well founded to doubt:

"We are credibly informed from various sources that the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles has become entirely reconciled with his wife, and is now living with her in marital relations as before the death of the late Philip Barton Key. We are also assured that, in taking this remarkable step, Mr. Sickles has alienated himself from most, if not all, of those personal and political friends who devotedly adhered to him during his recent imprisonment and trial.

"The reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Sickles was consummated, as we are informed, while Mr. S. was residing at the house of a friend on the Bloomingdale Road, about half a mile from the former house of Mr. S., which for some time past Mrs. Sickles has occupied, either alone or with some of the members of her own family. The suspicions of his host were excited by the repeated absence of Mr. S. at unusual hours; and when he came in very early one morning he was interrogated by the host and another friend who was present, and on his positively denying their right to question him, and refusing to give an explanation, they shook hands with him for the last time and he withdrew. It is said that he has since addressed letters to his former intimate associates, notifying them formally of the resumption of conjugal relations between himself and Mrs. Sickles."

The New York Sun has the following on the same subject:

THE SICKLES TRAGI-COMEDY.—It will interest, though it will scarcely surprise, our readers to learn, that Daniel E. Sickles and his wife have harmonized their little difficulty—if a difficulty ever existed between *them*—and are again enjoying each other's refined and elevating society. Mr. and Mrs. Sickles have, we are informed, been residing for some time past in the Bloomingdale district, and a few evenings since Mr. S. was observed taking Mrs. S. out in his boat for a sail on the beautiful waters of the Hudson. Yesterday, we learned from a source likely to be well informed, that Mr. Sickles has notified his more intimate friends that he and Mrs. S. have been reconciled.

Perhaps the Christian influence of the clergyman who manifested such a deep interest in Daniel's welfare during his incarceration in Washington, and his trial for the murder of Philip Barton Key, has kindled in his breast the spirit of charity. Or the music of the young juryman's violin may have re-awakened those earlier sentiments of affection which had been temporarily paralyzed by the supposed "dishonoring of his bed." The only regret that the public will have is, that his vengeance proved so fatal, and that Mr. Key is not alive to witness Mr. Sickles' restoration to sanity, and his full condonation of his wife's "indiscretions." She confessed all, and her husband, it appears, has forgiven all. Would that he had earlier learned the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

BEAUTIES OF CROSS EXAMINATION.—On the recent trial, at New York, of James Glass, for the murder of Richard Owens, by shooting him through the heart with a gun, the direct testimony to the important point, that Owens was killed by a bullet, was clear and ample enough.

On the cross examination of the doctor who testified to this, Mr. Whiting put a variety of questions, as to whether some comparatively trifling bruises that were found on the murdered man's head, might not have caused his death; whether, if those bruises might not, more severe bruises would; whether, if more severe bruises would not have caused the death of Owens, they might not have caused the death of a man of Owens's size, and so forth. After Mr. Whiting had pursued this line of questioning till, perhaps, some of the jurors began to doubt whether poor Owens was in fact dead, the court took the witness.

Judge—You have now, doctor, answered the counsel as to what *might* have killed Owens. Will you tell me what *did* kill him?

Doctor—The bullet, sir.

Judge—Have you any doubt on that point?

Doctor—Not the least, sir.

Judge—That will do, sir.

A DUEL between Messrs. O. Jennings Wise and P. H. Aylett, took place on Friday morning, in North Carolina. Mr. Aylett shot at Mr. Wise without effect, and the latter fired into the air. Mr. Aylett then withdrew his challenge, and asked for a reconciliation, which Mr. Wise refused. The difficulty grew out of a late controversy on the subject of intervention and non-intervention.

THE DEATH OF RUFUS CHOATE.—HALIFAX, July 13.—Last evening, about six o'clock, after an unusually cheerful day, Mr. Rufus Choate was seized with a heart attack, and breathed his last at a quarter of two o'clock this (Wednesday) morning. He was insensible through the whole, and suffered none. His son, Mr. Rufus Choate, Jr., was with him in his dying moments. His remains will be taken to Boston for interment. Mr. Choate sailed in the Europa about three weeks since for Europe, for the benefit of his health. When he reached Halifax, he was too feeble to proceed on the voyage, and immediately placed himself under the care of medical advice there. It was thought that he would have so far recovered in the course of a week as to have returned to Boston. But death overtook him at the very moment his friends were looking for his restoration to health. Mr. Choate was in the 60th year of his age, having been born at Ipswich, Mass., October 14th, 1799. In 1832, he represented the Essex District of his native State, in Congress. He was chosen to the United States Senate in place of Daniel Webster, where he remained until the expiration of his term. He then retired from the political field, and devoted himself to his profession. In 1856, he was friendly to the election of Mr. Buchanan. He was appointed a Regent of the Smithsonian Institue, but resigned about two years since, on account of ill-health. He leaves a wife and several children. He had his life insured for $25,000.

HOW TO SHOOT A CAT.—A paper published in Danbury, Conn., gives the following account of the means employed by an Irishman in that town to destroy one of the nine lives of a cat:

First, he put in a charge of shot, which he covered by ramming home a wad. Next, a charge of powder. To make sure of his victim, he wound up the loading with a small handful of corn in the kernel. Thus prepared, he brought the instrument of death to bear upon the cat and snapped. To his great chagrin the gun was not discharged. He snapped, and snapped, and snapped again; but it was no use—the gun would not go. Irritated beyond measure at his failure, he drew the iron ramrod from the gun, put the point in a fire until it was red hot, inserted it at the muzzle, and then wormed it down through the corn until it reached the powder, when whang! went the charge down to the shot, sending the ramrod through his hand between the thumb and forefinger, burying the corn in various parts of his hand and badly singeing his face with the powder! The cat survived, and the Irishman is doing as well as could be expected.

PHOTOGRAPHING BANK NOTES.—A late English paper notices a curious circumstance which had just happened to M. Aguado, whose talent in photography has just given him a European celebrity. He laid a wager that he would so exactly imitate a French bank note that the difference should not be perceptible. By the time appointed the note was ready, and laid side by side with the original upon his desk. Judge, jury, all were ready to seize the smallest indication which should lead them into the right guess. The gentleman who had laid the wager took both notes in his hand to examine them in the strong light from the window. By some accident he changed or shuffled them from one hand to the other, and when he returned them to the desk, neither M. Aguado himself nor any one of the company could tell which was the false note and which the true. There they lie still—two thousand franc notes—and all connoisseurs are invited to give an opinion. Needless to say that the Banque de France has sent its most expert judges—but without effect.

☞ Motives are like harlequins; there is always a second dress beneath the first.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	102	—
U S " coupon '74s	101	—
Penn 6 pr ct, old	98½	99
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "	—	94½
Penn 6 pr ct	95	—
" 5 " coupon	—	85
Allegheny City 6 pr ct	65	73
" " County "	—	—
" R R issue	—	48
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	89	90
Texas 6 pr ct	90	—
" 5 " coupon	72	75
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	103½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	104	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	98½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cin. Rate 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	129	131
Philadelphia	114	115
Par & Mec	50½	52
Commerce	434	436
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	35½	36½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	64	66
Girard	46	47
Western	—	66
Man & Mech	35½	36
Commerce	57	—
Tradesman's	37½	41
City	64	65
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	20	24
Corn Exchange	—	38
Germantown	—	45
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	117
Northern "	132	132
Louisville "	113	114½
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash. Tenn	100	101
Planters "	112	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	1	2½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	4	5
New Grenada	—	—
N American Ins'rce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	21
Southwark & Frankford R R	59	—
Bonds	—	98
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100½	—
" 2nd "	86	87
" stock		
" Interest off	37½	38
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
" stock	123	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	80	81
" mort 6's '44	92	94
" " '68	69	71
" stock	22½	22¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86	87
" stock	40	42
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan '60	93	—
Chas Val R R 7s	40	—
Thos R R 7s	—	95
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	58	59
" 2d "	—	58
" stock	5½	6
Catawissa	2	4½
Beaver Meadow stock	55½	56
" preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penna R R stock	51	53
6 pr ct loan	63½	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	59	60½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	58½	59
Har and Lan R R stock	56½	57
bonds '63	90	—
L. Schuylkil R R stock	16	17
Long Island R R stock	10½	10½
bonds	21	23
Erie R R stock	6	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	73½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois	89½	90
Michigan Southern	6	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	66	69
" 6 pr ct imp.	75	78
" stock	8	9
" preferred	15½	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	41	45
" mort 6 pr ct	—	88
" scrip	26½	27
Morris Canal 6 pr ct preferred	53½	55
" stock	100	—
Ches & Del bonds	61	—
Union "	77½	—
" bonds	2	3½
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	25	31
	30	33

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 16, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis
MAINE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
VERMONT.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
OHIO.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	¼ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	3 dis
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
Old banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	2 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	2 dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	1 dis

A LUCKY AUTHOR.—HERR HACKLANDER, from Stuttgart, the popular author, has received a telegraphic despatch from the Austrian Emperor, at Verona, to come into the Austrian headquarters in order to revise the official reports of "battles" and "victories." Herr Hacklander accompanied the Austrian army in 1848, in the same capacity; his description then of the battle at Novara, it seems, brought him among other distinctions *a kiss* from the late old Field-Marshal Radetzky, which inspired him with the following rhetorical curiosity in his book on the Italian Campaign: "Three kisses there are by which the human being is blest; the first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant's head; the second that which the newly wedded bride bestows on your lips; the third that with which love or friendship closes your eyes, when your career on earth is ended: but I, more blest than other mortals, have to boast of the fourth kiss of bliss, that of 'father Radetzky!'"

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been excessively dull during the past week, and prices have been somewhat unsettled. There has been very little shipping demand, and prices have again declined 25 to 37½c ₱ bbl. Among the transactions were 1300 bbls new Wheat at $6,37½; 1000 bbls do on private terms; 1,500 bbls sound old stock at $5.75; 2500 bbls good Western Extra at $5,75,@6,50; 500 bbls Jenny Lind at a price not made public; 500 bbls Extra Family at $7; and 500 bbls do, to be made from new Wheat, at $7,25. Rye Flour is very dull and sells only in small lots at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—The receipts are small and the market is extremely quiet. Sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Supplies of new Wheat have been coming forward more freely from the South, but from the interior the receipts have been trifling. The demand is quite moderate, and prices have declined 10@15c ₱ bus. Sales of 15,000 bus new, chiefly Delaware and Maryland at $1,50@1,30 for Red—chiefly at $1,40; and $1,55@1,40 for White—closing at $1,40 for prime Red, and $1,45 for White. Sales of 2800 bus good old White at $1.50@1,55; 800 bus choice Kentucky do on private terms; and 3700 bus inferior and choice old Red at $1,23@1,40. Rye—There is but little coming forward, and the demand is steady. Sales of 300 bus new at 80c, and 3000 old Pennsylvania at 85c. Corn—Supplies come forward very slowly. Sales of 16,000 bus at 88@90c. Buckwheat meets a limited inquiry. Small sales at 75@85c ₱ bus. Oats—The receipts have somewhat increased, but the demand is limited, and prices have declined 1@2c ₱ bus. Sales of 10,000 bus at 40@42c for Pennsylvania, and 39@40 for Delaware and Maryland—closing at our lowest figures.

PROVISIONS—There is but little change to notice in the market this week. Supplies of all kinds come in very slowly, and the stock is moderate for the season. Sales of 200 brls Mess Pork—mostly in small lots—at $17,50, on time. Prime sells at $14 to 16. City and retail lots at $17,75. City Packed Mess Beef ranges from $16 to 18, but the sales have been only in a retail way for ship's store. Bacon—There is a fair inquiry for canvassed Hams, but for Sides and Shoulders the demand has fallen off. Prices, however, remain without change. Sales of 400 casks Hams at 10@12c for plain and fancy covered, as in quality; Sides, in lots, at 9½c, and 350 casks Western Shoulders at 7¼@7½c ₱ lb, 60 days, and city smoked, in tight casks at 7½c. Green Salted Meats are unchanged. The stock is small and the demand limited. Sales of 200 casks Hams in salt at 8¼@8½c, 60 days, and in pickle at 10@10½c; Sides at 8½c, and 320 casks Shoulders at 7@7½c, on time. Lard remains without change. 120 brls and tes sold at about 12c, and kegs at 13¼@13½c, on time. The stock is now very much reduced. Butter—The supply continues far in excess of the demand. Solid packed commands 8@10c, and Roll 10@15c as in quality. Cheese remains without change. Sales of New York at 9@9½c. Eggs continues to command 17@18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 1020 bales, chiefly Uplands at 10c up to 13c ₱ lb. cash, for inferior and middling fair quality, and 13¼@13½c on time for the latter description.

BARK—Supplies of Quercitron Bark come forward slowly, and the stock is very much reduced. There is a good demand at last week's quotations. Sales of 30 hhds No 1 at $27,50 ₱ ton. Tanner's Bark is plenty and dull. Sales of 300 cords; Spanish Oak at $13, Chestnut at $9@10, and a lot of Red Oak at $5 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX comes in slowly. Small sales of Yellow at 36@37c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—There has been less activity in the market since our last notice. We continue to quote cargo rates of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,15@3,25, and Red Ash at $3,30@3,45 ₱ ton, free on board at Richmond. Bituminous Coal is not wanted.

COFFEE—The market continues quite firm. Transactions comprise 1400 bags Rio at 10¾@12c for common and prime; 200 bags Cape at 10@10½c, and 400 bags Laguayra at 11½c, on time.

COPPER is very dull. English Sheathing sells at 27c ₱ lb, 6 mos. Small sales of Taunton Yellow Metal at 20c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue very quiet, and sell only in a small way at 46@47c ₱ lb for good Western.

FRUIT of all kinds has been dull. A few new Peaches have made their appearance, and sold at 50@62½c ₱ basket. Green Apples are beginning to come forward freely, and to command $2@3 ₱ bbl, and 35@40c ₱ basket, as in quality. Blackberries are arriving in lots and range from 35 to 50c ₱ basket. Dried Apples are nominal at 8@8½c, and Peaches at 9@12c for unpared halves and quarters.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here, and nothing doing.

HIDES—A sale of 2700 Caraccas on private terms—supposed at about 24½c, on time.

HOPS continue to meet a limited inquiry. Sales of 1st sort Eastern and Western at 12@18c ₱ lb.

IRON—Sales of 300 tons Anthracite, in lots from store, at $23@24 for No 1; $22 for No 2; and 300 tons No 3 forge, on terms kept private. American bars are steady at $60 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for common.

LEAD is dull. An invoice of 2600 pigs Galena remains unsold.

LEATHER—There is an active inquiry for both prime Slaughter and Spanish Sole, and the market is nearly bare. Supplies come in very slowly.

LUMBER—There is a fair business doing, without change in prices. Among the sales we notice a cargo of St Johns Laths at $1,60; some Susquehannah White Pine Boards at $15@19; Spruce Boards at $12@13; do Joist at $13@13,50; Raft Hemlock at $7@7,50; Lehigh do at $10@10,50, some Virginia Yellow Pine Boards at $15,50@16 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—The market has been extremely quiet since our last notice, but prices have undergone no change. Small sales of Clayed Cuba at 24¼@25c, and 150 bbls N Orleans at 40c, on time.

SPIRITS have been rather quiet. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 36@38c. Domestic Brandy and Gin are dull. Whiskey meets a fair inquiry. Sales of 300 Ohio brls at 28c; Prison do at 27½c; 500 Pennsylvania do at 28½@27c; hhds at 26c, and Drudge at 25½@26c. Alcohol sells at 52@58c.

SUGAR—There has been more activity in the Sugar market. The receipts have been quite small, and the stocks have now become considerably reduced. The transactions foot up nearly 2,000 hhds, including 1040 hhds Cuba at $5,62½@6,50—chiefly at $6,12½; 460 hhds Porto Rico at $6,12½@6,50; 485 hhds New Orleans at $5,50@7,50; and 150 bxs Havana Brown at $6,37½@6,50, on time.

SEEDS—The market is very poorly supplied with Clovereed, and it is in demand. Sales of 150 bus at $5,50@5,87½ ₱ 64 lbs, and some from second hands at $6. Timothy is in good demand, with sales of 400 bus at $2,50. There is no American Flaxseed here. It is worth $1,75. In Calcutta Linseed no change. 2800 bags and 800 packets sold at $1,86½, cash.

TALLOW—There has been but little offering. City Rendered commands 11@11½c.

TOBACCO—Leaf is dull and prices rather weak, but for the better grades of Manufactured there is a fair inquiry, and prices firm.

WOOL—The receipts and stocks are light for the season, but fully equal to the demand, which has been extremely small this week, buyers manifesting very little disposition to operate to any extent at the present prices, and the sales have been confined to a few small lots of fleece at from 37½@40c for common up to 50@52½c nett for fine quality.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—28 head I Abrahams, Ohio, 9@11; 46 E McQuaid, Va, 9@10½; 10 J Lamb, Ohio, 11¼; 36 D W Bradley, Ills, 8@9; 24 D W Gemmell, Del, 8@9; 15 J Kaufman, Juniata co, 8@9; 22 A Redebaugh, Chester co, 9@10½; 9 Braden, Westmoreland co, 8. Sheep—5000 head arrived during the week, and sold at 4c gross for good fat Sheep, and $1,75 to 2,25 for stock Sheep.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—56 head Judge Bastable, Md, by Cochran, 9@10; 18 W Alexander, Chester co, 9¼@11; 41 P Hathway, Washington co, Pa, 8½@10; 30 Whiteside, Pitts, 9¼@10¼; 24 J McConnell, Ohio, 9@10; 37 W McCall, Del co, 9@10¼; 60 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 9@11; 61 B Seldomridge, Va, 9¼@11.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 16.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is dull—sales of 3500 bbls at $4,95@5,25 for State, $5,30@5,75 for Ohio, and $5,90@6,15 for Southern. Wheat has declined 2@3 cents; sales of 4000 bus at 150@175c for white. Corn firm; the supply continues scarce; mixed is nominally quoted at 89@92c. Oats dull at 36@46c. Beef heavy at $9,50@13. Pork dull. Lard dull at 10¼@11¼c. Whiskey steady at 26½@27.

POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

Whose memory so honored as that of the celebrated Prussian physician and philosopher, Christoph Wilhelm Hoofland? Throughout the whole extent of Europe, especially Germany, his name has for years been a familiar household-word, and there are but few in our own continent who have not experienced the benefits of his great medical and scientific attainments. His celebrated discovery for the cure of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, &c., is a preparation of the greatest merit, and gives the utmost satisfaction in all cases. It is prepared, in this country, by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, under the name of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and can be had of any druggist or dealer in medicines.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th day of July, 1859, by the Rev. Levi Janvier, T. MASON MITCHELL, of Roxborough, to Miss VIRGINIA M. EGBERT, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. M Egbert, of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. FRANCIS FARLEY, to Miss JANE BOYD, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. JAMES I. PATTERSON, to Miss SARAH CALHOUN, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. ROBERT CLARK, to Miss NANCY MCBRIDE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE N. SENSENDERFER, to Miss MAGGIE A. SLOUGH, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. JOHN G. LEITENBERGER, to Mrs. MARY H. KRAUTER, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, Mr. ROBERT S. AARONSON, to Miss REBECCA L. GAW, daughter of the late Jas. Gaw, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. BENJAMIN F. WILLS, to Miss MARY ANN MEYERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, JOHN MCCANDLESS, aged 77 years.

On the 12th instant, JOHN B. GAUCHERE, aged 70 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY C. DOUGLAS, aged 20 years.

On the 11th instant, in Camden, JAMES KERR, aged 70 years.

On the 11th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Charles Wilson, aged 55 years.

On the 10th instant, the Rev. JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D. aged 66 years.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM C. KANE, aged 16 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. PHEBE FOWLER, aged 72 years.

On the 9th instant, PETER CROMBARGAR, aged 35 years.

On the 9th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Thomas Ward, aged 33 years.

On the 9th instant, DAVID MATHEWS, aged 70.

On the 9th instant, Mr. CHARLES G. REYNOLDS, aged 48 years.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM KENNEDY, aged 49 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ANN WALSHAW, aged 73 years.

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In accordance with their custom at this period of the year, give notice to the public and their customers, that they have

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Wit and Humor.

A DEPOT SCENE.

The truth of the old saying, that honesty is the best policy, was very forcibly impressed upon us a few weeks since, by a little comedy which was enacted before "a small but appreciative audience." The important Dramatis Personæ being Thomas, the baggage-master, and a sharp pinch-nickis looking individual, who claimed the entire ownership of a trunk, which resembled a small barn, and was, undoubtedly, as Thomas said, an attempt at an imitation of Noah's ark.

Thomas (in the act of putting the trunk on a baggage truck)—See here, stranger, guess you don't know the rule about baggage; only eighty pounds of wearing apparel allowed to each passenger, sir!

Stranger (indignantly)—Well, suppos'n I do, and then suppos'n I don't? I've been round considerable with that trunk, and never paid a cent on it. It don't weigh over ninety pounds, and there isn't anything but clothes in it.

Thomas—It weighs nearer two hundred, sir, and trunks filled with clothing don't generally hug the floor like that; but if you say that's all there's in it, I'll put it aboard.

Stranger (throwing himself into an imposing and dignified attitude)—I'm not in the habit of being insulted, and when I say a thing I mean it. What I know I *know!*

Thomas loads it with the rest of the luggage, and starts with the truck towards the baggage car, but through the carelessness of some one moving an express truck in an opposite direction, a collision occurs between the two, throwing off several trunks, among them the one under "consideration," which, on account of its great weight, is broken open by the fall, and its contents revealed to the admiring gaze of an inquisitive public. The following extract from the stenographic inventory (taken on the spot) of the articles displayed, which mentions nearly everything obtainable at a country store, very fully illustrates the feasibility of Jones's plan of "reducing anything into nothing." Items—Two hams, marked sugar-cured, Moore & Johnson; three bottles labelled Scheidam Schnappe; one washboard, one brown stone jug, several brown paper packages, one large bottle covered with wicker-work, and so on, we were going to add, ad infinitum.

Thomas (addressing the stranger, who knows what he knows, and means what he says at the same time, pointing to a broken bottle which is odoriferously announcing the nature of its departing contents.)—Do you call that wearing apparel?

Voice from the crowd—Rather wearing to a man's constitution!

Stranger (very sheepishly)—I supposed it was all right, but made a mistake and took the wrong trunk!

Query (by us)—How many travellers make the same blunder, and take the wrong trunk with them?—*Hartford Courant.*

FLINT SOUP.

A Zouave of the army of Italy was billeted at the house of a Savoyard, whose wife was the most avaricious in the whole of the country around.

The Zouave had drunk his pay on the march, and sold his bread for more drink, so as not to set out *sur une seule jambe.* Now the host was not compelled, by law, to give him but three things, that is water, fire and salt—two elements and one mineral—the whole insufficient to make a meal.

The Zouave was not discouraged. He lit a large fire, put a pot of water on the hearth, and then went coolly to seek a large stone, which he carefully placed, as if it was beef, in the pot.

The good woman opened her eyes with astonishment.

"What are you making?" she asked.

"Flint soup."

"And is it good?"

"So good you would lick your fingers; unfortunately there is a trifle needed that I have forgotten."

"What is it?"

"Some vegetables to absorb the fat."

"That shall not be wanting; here are some carrots and cabbage.

The Zouave took the welcome vegetables, and continued to blow the fire; from time to time he stirred the stone with a spoon.

"It is becoming tender," said he; "it is of a good quality. What a pity there is not a little hog's lard to give it a flavor."

"My faith, my boy," said the old woman, "I have never eaten flint soup, and if you promise me a plate, I will go and get some hog's lard."

"Agreed! You shall have the first of the broth."

The lard is put in with the vegetables, and already it emits a savory smell.

"I do not know if it is true," said the Zouave, speaking to himself, "but they have affirmed to me that some cloves and a little garlic were not superfluous in this pottage."

The old woman had gone too far to stop at a trifle; the accessories were brought; and ten minutes after, the foot soldier served up an admirable Julien, which delighted his hostess.

The next day, when the Zouave was ready to depart, the old woman found the stone entire in the pot, and wished to return it to her guest.

"Thanks," said he, with the most perfect coolness, "I do not like *meat heated over again!*"

A Logical Mind.—In a little country town, not far from here, a debating club has been recently established. The subject of discussion was, on one occasion,—"Was Columbus a greater man than Washington?" The gentleman on the affirmative, being unused "to speak in public on the stage," sat down after having delivered the following single but unanswerable argument: "Mr. President, I believe that Columbus was the greater man; because, if Columbus hadn't been, how could Washington have been?"

I KNEW SHE WOULD.

Deacon W——— was a staid and honest Baptist Deacon in one of the interior towns in this State, who had a vein of dry, caustic humor in his composition. The deacon had a boy of some dozen summers, who was somewhat inclined to be a little ugly when not under the parental eye. In school, especially, John was a source of constant annoyance to the teacher. One day, the mistress punished him for some misdemeanor, and John went home crying, to enter his complaint, and told his father that mistress had whipped him.

"What!" exclaimed the deacon, elevating his eyebrows, "been whipped?"

"Ya-a-s," sobbed the boy.

"And did you let a *woman* whip ye?" shouted the old deacon.

"Ya a-s. I couldn't help it."

"Well, John, you little rascal, you go to school to-morrow, and if Miss ——— undertakes to whip ye agin, you jest pitch in; don't let a *woman* whip ye if ye can help it. Don't take any stick to strike with, but ye may strike, scratch, bite and kick as much as ye're a mind to."

The next day the boy went to school, and, emboldened by the permission given by his father, was soon brought before the tribunal of violated rules. The teacher undertook to correct him, and he did as his father had told him. The result was that John got a most unmerciful trouncing, and was thoroughly subdued. When he went home he went to his father crying.

"Well, dad, I got an awful bad licking to-day."

"What!" said the old deacon, "have you let that woman whip ye again?"

"Ya-a-s," whimpered John. "I kicked her, and struck her, and fit all I could, but she *lammed* me orfully."

"Aha!" chuckled the humorous old deacon, "you tarnal little fool, I knew she would, and she'll give ye a trouncing every time she undertakes it, and I advise ye to behave yourself in future."

John began to have some perception of his father's motive, and ever after was a sadder and wiser boy.—*Aroostook Pioneer.*

Very Grace-ful.—The Duke of R———, going on horseback, upon a visit to a worthy clergyman, at Nacton, near Landguard Fort, to take the diversion of shooting, desired a simple rustic about sixteen, who was servant in the family, to take care and rub down his horse, and not give him any water, when the lad replied, "Yes, maister—no, maister," on which the groom, who stood by, severely rebuked him for his rudeness, telling him that the person who alighted was a great man, "and whenever he bids you do anything," said the groom, "you must be sure to say *Your Grace.* Young Hob treasured up in his memory the advice which he had received; a few days after, when the Duke mounted his horse, he bade the lad take the stirrup a hole lower; the boy, with great solemnity, answered, "*For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us thankful!*"

The Witchcraft Mania.—In the course of the century during which the persecution against so-called witchcraft was at its height in Germany from 1580 to 1680—it is calculated that more than 100,000 individuals, nine-tenths of whom were women, were its victims. To the honor of humanity be it said, some voices were raised against this bloodthirsty practice, but they were drowned in the general clamor. In every part of Germany, Protestant or Catholic, the same atrocities were committed. At length, in the year 1631, the noble-hearted Count Frederic Stein, himself a member of the order of Jesuits—an order which has been among the most violent denouncers of sorcery—ventured to step boldly forward and declare that, among the many whom he had conducted to the scaffold, there was not one whom he could confidently declare guilty. "Treat me so," he added, "treat in this manner the judges or the heads of the church, subject us to the same tortures, and see if you will not discover sorcerers in us all."

Despite this burst of generous indignation, it was not until 1694 that this incomprehensible insanity began to abate. The last so-called witch burnt in the German Empire was a poor nun, aged 70, in the year 1749, at Berg. But at Glarus, in German Switzerland, an execution of a similar nature took place as late as 1794. This time the victim was a servant girl, accused of having practised diabolical arts to lame the child of her employers. Germany, indeed, seemed to live in an atmosphere of sorcery. The ground which Faith had lost Superstition made her own.—*Poets and Poetry of Germany.*

Modern Battle.—A battle now with a hundred thousand determined soldiers on each side, would be the most frightful butchery within a short space of time ever beheld. The *morale* of the best troops will not support the sight of more than a certain proportion of their number put *hors du combat.* Those are good armies that continue an engagement until a quarter of their men are killed and wounded before either side gives way. They may be called famous armies, indeed, when they stand more than that. At Inkerman, if I remember well, nearly or quite one-half of the English troops engaged were slain or disabled, and still the fight was maintained. But it is a case to which few parallels are to be found, and the English soldier is distinguished above all others for that particular kind of courage, for the extraordinary tenacity and nerve which prevents his knowing when he is beaten, and renders him so dangerous a foe. Probably modern improvements in weapons and ammunition will not cause much greater loss of life in battle than formerly, but the work will be done in a quarter of the time, and the beaten party will suffer more in retreat.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."

☞ A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Highly Respectable Citizen (*reads Placard*).—"'The Public are cautioned against Card-Sharpers, Gamblers, and Pickpockets.' * * * Why, I thought such people was all done away with. Didn't you, Mo?"

Agricultural.

ERADICATION OF THISTLES AND MUSTARD.

Canada thistles and mustard, are, in my opinion, two of the farmer's greatest enemies in the weed line. For when they once get fairly established in the soil, it requires a great deal of perseverance and energy to eradicate them, and even with these requisites but few persons succeed. I have known farmers to plough and mow the thistle for years in succession, and the weed still thrived and grew wonderfully, thicker if anything than when they began operations—the simple cause being that they did not go at it in a proper manner. There is no doubt but what thistles can be destroyed by mowing. I entirely killed a patch of them once by mowing them for three seasons in succession, two or three times each season. Ploughing, I think, however, is more effective, as it causes all seeds which are in the soil to germinate. I do not approve, however, of the manner in which this is commonly done. Farmers, usually, in attempting to destroy the thistle, commence ploughing as soon as it makes its appearance above the surface, and continue ploughing as often as it appears. This is in the spring, when the soil is wet and everything in growing order. The severed portion of the plant not only grows, sending up perhaps two or three new ones, but the root which remains in the ground, being young and tender, sprouts out, making two or three more new plants. My plan is to wait till the thistle is in blossom, which will be some time in June. The stock and root are then hollow. Begin ploughing in a very dry time—a drought if possible—plough deep and carefully. Be sure that you cut every root off. Then harrow once or twice. This will bring the thistles to the surface, where they will soon wilt and die. There will be but a few straggling thistles that will survive. Allow these to get ready for blossoming again, which will be some time in August. Plough these again as before. Let your land lie till another season, and then summer fallow for wheat. This, nine cases out of ten, will entirely destroy the thistle. If any come up in the wheat, however, they should be carefully pulled out. This can be done in a wet time, with a common mitten on the hand.

The best plan that I know of for getting rid of mustard, is to plant corn for two or three seasons in succession, hoeing it carefully each season. If any mustard comes up after hoeing the last time, it should be carefully pulled out by hand, allowing no seed to ripen. Then summer fallow and sow to wheat, and seed down. Winter wheat is better than any other crop, as the mustard, if there is any left, will come up in the fall and winter-kill. If any comes up in the spring, weed it out by hand. This course, if carefully followed, will use up mustard in a short time.—E. K. King, *King's Ferry, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in Country Gentleman.*

Dormant Trees.—Trees are sometimes rendered dormant for a time by removal, intense cold, or other unfavorable causes. The past winter was accompanied with an intensely cold snap at, Rochester, and this combined with the taking up and transplanting of the tree, has thrown it into a fit of torpidity. We have known ornamental trees which were slightly tender, to be so checked by very cold winters, that the foliage did not appear till mid-summer. The best treatment of the dormant peach tree, is to wet the stem several times a day, taking care not to water the root; or perhaps, better, to cover the stem with a slight coating of straw, and water this straw once a day. Injury is often done by watering the roots of trees copiously before the leaves appear, and consequently before they have any organs to carry off this superabundant moisture at the roots. If the buds were all killed by the cold (which is not probable,) the trees of course cannot start again.—*Country Gentleman.*

Sandcracks.—"Hornpipe" asks for a cure for horses liable to sandcracks, or, I presume, with otherwise brittle feet. The following recipe I have used for many years with uniform success, namely:—Common tar, honey, elder ointment (equal portions,) to be rubbed in between the hair and the hoof, twice a week, or oftener if necessary.—*London Field.*

MAKING CHARCOAL.

I have for many years practiced the making of charcoal in a very simple and economical way from every refuse of wood kind, which is either too worthless or too small to be good for anything else; of course small charcoal, but that is no disadvantage for gardening purposes. The materials have been the small branches and twigs of all trees, clippings of hedges, evergreens, &c., which it generally costs labor to destroy. I could produce this charcoal at a cost of 10s. a ton—for the mere labor of making—assuming that the materials must be got rid of somehow. Of course it could be sold with a profit at any price above 10s. The mode of making can be best understood by being seen—as there is a little, but very little practical skill required. The materials are placed in a large heap, as if to be burnt to ashes, but near where water is at hand. The heap is set fire to, and allowed to burn up, but when some way advanced it is then drenched with buckets of water. This arrests the burning to ash. An iron rake must then be applied to the burning mass, the larger parts separated from the smaller in a half burnt and burning state. The smaller will be found excellent small charcoal, the larger half charred wood and still burning. This part of the mass must be raked to one side, and a mass of new raw material placed on the top of it, which will blaze up, and when it has burnt to the proper point water must be administered as before, the raking take place, and the same operations pursued *ad infinitum.* No doubt a smaller portion of the finer twigs is reduced to an ash, but that loss is amply compensated by the economy of the process, and the large proportion of perfect charcoal produced. It is obvious that a little practical experience is required to execute the process as well as it admits of being performed, but a person who well understands it, can teach another to do it as well as himself in one hour. I manufactured it to a considerable extent, but no one would buy my charcoal, so I ceased to make more than I could use, and had to revert to the wasteful practice of destroying annually a vast mass of material which might have been converted into excellent charcoal at a cost of 10s. a ton. I had no intention of writing so much when I commenced. The quantity of charcoal which might be produced by this simple process in all districts is immense, if people only would use it in culture and in deodorising, and in that event it might be a source of profit to the owners of woodlands.—The mere dressings of the hedges of the kingdom would produce an immense quantity.—*Correspondent of the London Agricultural Gazette.*

Earwigs.—Try flower pots as traps for these. The plan is to get some No. 40 to 60 flower pots, and fill them about half full of perfectly dry Moss, then turn the pots on the top of all the Dahlia or any other stakes he may have in the garden; look them over every alternate day and kill the earwigs collected; be sure to keep dry Moss in the pots. There is another simple plan yet. About two years ago a gardener told me he had a frame full of Cucumbers, which were nearly destroyed by earwigs. I told him to get as many tobacco-pipes as he could—old ones with a little ashes left in them, and to put them in the frame. In one week he came to tell me that he had thus cleared his frame. But for this plan I could not have a Dahlia bloom entire.—*Cor. London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Floor for Cattle Stalls.—Dig sifted gravel, such as is used for topping walks, and use coal-gas tar; level the ground perfectly; mix the gravel with tar, two quarts of the latter to each bushel of the former, till every particle of gravel is saturated with tar. This is best done on a boarded or stone floor; spread evenly, about one inch thick; roll till hard with a heavy garden roller. When dry, add from two to five inches more, according to the purpose for which the floor is required. Roll as soon as laid, and frequently, until it is quite solid.—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

To Prevent Melon Vines from Blowing About.—Martin Roberts, of Henrietta, says the best thing to prevent melon vines from blowing about and becoming injured, is to mulch the ground with fresh cut grass or weeds. The tendrils will attach themselves to the mulching and keep the vines in place. Melon growers will try it.—*N. Y. Rural.*

Concrete Floors.—The lower floors of all the cellars of houses should be composed of a bed of concrete about three inches thick. This would tend to render them dry and more healthy, and at the same time prevent rats from burrowing under the walls from the outside, and coming up under the floors—the method pursued by these vermin where houses are erected on a sandy soil. This concrete should be made of washed gravel and hydraulic cement. Common mortar mixed with pounded brick and washed gravel, makes a concrete for floors nearly as good as that formed with hydraulic cement. Such floors become very hard, and are much cheaper than those of brick or flag-stone.—*Boston Cultivator.*

To Repel Insects from Young Plants.—B. R. Palmer, Clinton county, Iowa, writes that he has kept his growing garden plants, cabbages, cucumbers, melons, etc., free from insects, by sprinkling them every morning with water in which hen droppings have been soaked during the night. This application, even if not destructive to insects, will stimulate the plants to a rapid growth, and thus soon put them beyond the reach of such depredators.—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

Insect Powders.—All the effective insect powders now offered for sale owe their efficiency to *red camomile.* It is sold by some of the druggists. Rub it to a fine dust, mix it with some cheap divisor, and it is the best insect powder known. When dusted into cracks about the corners of ceilings, etc., out walks the cockroaches and all other intruders without fail. Dust affected plants and you may keep rid of insects.—*Working Farmer.*

Washing White Crape Shawls.—My method is this:—Make a suds of soft water and a cake of refined soap, and after washing the shawl, starch it in scalded starch—made quite thin—then starch and pin it on a clean carpet to dry. The fringe of the shawl should not be starched. —Mrs. A. Keychem, *Victor, N. Y., in Rural New Yorker.*

Herbs for Winter Use.—Now is the time to gather herbs for the coming winter. Some kinds will be wanted for the kitchen, and others for medicine. As they are coming into flower, they should be cut and hung in the shade until thoroughly dry, after which they may be put into coarse muslin bags, or closely wrapped in paper, and properly labelled. Keep them in a dry place, free from flies, dust, &c.—*Country Gentleman.*

Chloric Ether Disinfectant.—If any one is disposed to test it, let him try it upon the foulest air he can find; of course I do not mean in the open air; a room of ordinary size may be disinfected so far as odor is concerned or *deodorized* by simply closing the doors and windows, and burning a lamp of chloric ether five minutes; no one need leave the room. Lamps for this use should be of glass, the common ones for camphene are suitable, and the ether may be treated precisely as the "Ether Oil" usually is. A lamp with a wine-glass of the ether is entirely harmless, and may be kept ready for use.—E. H. A., *in Scientific American.*

Cream Beer.—As the *warm weather is approaching,* we begin to think of refreshing drinks. I have a famed recipe which I give you. It is an effervescing drink, but far pleasanter than soda water, inasmuch as you do not have to drink for your life, in order to get *your money's worth.* The effervescence is much more slow.

Two ounces Tartaric Acid.
Two pounds white sugar.
The juice of half a lemon.
Three pints of water.

Boil together five minutes. When nearly cold, add the whites of three eggs well beaten, with half a cup of flour, and half an ounce of essence of wintergreen. Bottle, and keep in a cool place. Take two tablespoonsful of this syrup for a tumbler of water, and add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda.—*Country Gentleman.*

Bite of Mosquitoes, &c.—Oil of pennyroyal, rubbed on the face, hands and parts exposed, is said to be a preventive for the bite of gnats and mosquitoes. It should be properly diluted with some sort of spirits, as if used in its concentrated state, it will cause the skin to smart for awhile. This preparation seems to be highly offensive to their gnat and mosquitoships, and they leave in disgust.

To Prevent Grass from Growing in a Paved Yard.—Pour boiling water over the stones whenever the slightest appearance of grass shows itself.—*London Field.*

A Great Traveller's Experience of Woman.—I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.—*Ledyard's Letters.*

☞ Bank Bills Dangerous.—Avoid wetting the thumb and finger in handling bills. Small pox is sometimes inoculated in this way, from a note in the pocket of a person having the disease.

☞ Suns are the sunflowers of a higher light.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 2, 7, 11, 24, 22, 36, 12, was a mountain in Thessaly.
My 3, 31, was a daughter of Inachus, changed by Jupiter into a beautiful heifer.
My 4, 9, 31, 39, was a King of Crete.
My 5, 38, 31, 13, was a Grecian poet.
My 6, 15, 21, 24, 19, was a river of hell.
My 7, 23, 40, 26, 27, 21, was an epithet of Minerva.
My 8, 31, 11, 25, 31, 14, 36, 22, 29, was a celebrated Grecian poet.
My 14, 35, 1, 23, 31, 39, was ferryman of hell.
My 25, 31, 23, 1, 14, 12, was a Roman poet.
My 14, 1, 7, 33, 26, 23, was a very distinguished Roman General and historian.
My 40, 28, 36, 18, 1, was a Roman Emperor.
My 17, 30, 1, 21, 31, was a Grecian philosopher.
My 14, 35, 14, 22, 23, 31, was a Roman orator.
My 10, 7, 39, 31, 11, 34, 31, 13, was a Grecian historian and General.
My 17, 31, 14, 23, 1, 24, 12, 33, was a Grecian philosopher.
My 4, 16, 37, 31, was a celebrated Grecian athlete.
My 14, 28, 20, 31, was a Roman orator.
My whole is an old saying.

Williamsburg, L. I. CHAS. DOUGLAS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 14, 5, 17, 23, is a lake in Canada.
My 36, 8, 11, 28, 39, 16, 20, is a county in New York.
My 33, 18, 13, 41, 20, 38, 42, 37, is a town in New York.
My 17, 27, 33, 40, 34, 15, is a county in Iowa.
My 1, 4, 35, 16, 29, is a river in the British Isles.
My 31, 40, 19, 24, is a cape on the coast of Africa.
My 26, 41, 6, 3, 14, 10, 30, 16, is a town in Rhode Island.
My 13, 7, 9, 21, 42, 18, is a town in Vermont.
My 3, 25, 14, 42, 37, is a lake in North America.
My whole is of vast importance to the Upper Lakes. FLORA MONTROSE.

Dubuque, Iowa.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 9, 22, 27, 28, 7, 24, 29, were worn by the ancients.
My 5, 30, 23, 18, was a celebrated archer.
My 13, 16, 17, 8, 19, 17, Stephen was.
My 28, 26, 7, 27, 22, was a goddess of the ancients.
My 15, 18, 25, 20, was one of the countries of ancient Greece that claimed the tomb of Lycurgus.
My 6, 22, 29, was a son of Noah.
My 7, 13, 16, 18, 11, 12, 26, 1, 10, 20, were ancients who lived between the Dead and Red Seas.
My 1, 3, 8, 2, 4, 2, was one of the Titans.
My 21, 14, is a pronoun.
My total is a promise made by the Saviour.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

When the Indian hunter sought for game,
He took his arrows and his bow,
And roamed the forest and the plain
With crafty step, oft stooping low.

He shot his arrows true and straight,
For he in hunting well was versed;
And 'mongst the things which met their fate,
Was very often seen my first.

There are many streams both large and small,
Yet each has its own starting place;
And if their size you can't recall,
From my second their course you trace.

Now if you chance my first to guess,
And with it then my second take,
You'll have a name that will express
My whole,—and then you'll have a lake!

Pequea, Lancarter Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Sometimes I'm on water, sometimes on land;
Sometimes I'm lying, but sometimes I stand;
Sometimes I'm moving, sometimes I am still;
Sometimes I defy you, sometimes at your will;
Sometimes I am short, sometimes am long;
Sometimes with the old, sometimes with the young;
Sometimes in the day, sometimes in the night;
Sometimes I amuse, sometimes I affright;
Though you touch me, yet feel me you can't, if you try;
Then answer, dear reader, and say, what am I?

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first "In need is a help indeed;"
My second moves "like a thing of life;"
My whole is a word of sweet import;
Where it exists can be no strife.

GAHMEW.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Two farmers, A and B, took two hogs to market, and sold them both to one man at 6½ cents per pound. A's hog weighed 450 pounds; B's weighed 350 pounds. On dividing the money, they agreed, as A's hog was the heaviest pork and best quality, that he should receive 1 cent per pound more than B. What price per pound did each man receive, and what was each one's share of the money?

Sheffield, Pa. CHASE.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ By what light should a vessel be piloted at night? Ans.—By a steering (stearine) candle, to be sure!

☞ When does a cow become real estate? Ans.—When turned into a field.

☞ When is a bird like a fish? Ans.—When it is a-perch.

☞ Why are large rivers like trees? Ans.—Because they have branches.

☞ Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Ans.—Because it makes the car-go.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Great Southern Desert, unexplored. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—All is well that ends well. CHARADE—Warren (war-wren). CHARADE—Gun-whale. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—½.